

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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By MARY MENDENHALL PERKINS

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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**L**ENT approaches, and perhaps no other body of Catholics needs its lesson more than we Americans. Living in the creditor nation of the world, we have the highest standard of material well-being to be found anywhere. The ordinary person among us has comforts, conveniences and luxuries which are scarcely within the reach of the rich abroad. Even our very poor have constantly increased means of self-seeking and self-indulgence.

Add to this the fact that the whole temper of our American spirit is indicative of a return to downright paganism; that our people are getting further and further away from the direct influence of Christianity; that the churches are stressing literature, social-service and even politics more than religion; that many leading non-Catholic clergymen (who are being rapidly aped by their confreres in the sticks) are preaching a dreadful perversion of Christ's Gospel by disregarding the sterner features of His teaching—all this is apt to alienate us from the conviction of our need of personal mortification and penance.

Now, the Cross is our Trademark. In the sign of the Cross we were baptized. With it we were signed and sign ourselves. No prayer begins or is ended without this sign. No blessing is given, no sacrament administered that is not accompanied by it. Our chalices are engraved with it; our vestments are embroidered with it; it surmounts our churches, schools, hospitals and other institutions. It shall mark our last resting-place.

But the Cross is not a mere decoration nor an idle gesture. It is a symbol of Christ's love for us in making the supreme sacrifice for our redemption. It is a testimony to the fact that the God we believe in is not the god of ease and comfort and a good time, but a Crucified God Whose constant teaching insisted on our carrying our own cross daily, of denying ourselves, of repenting for the sins we have done, of making reparation for them, of doing penance for them. This is the lesson that the Church emphasizes during the Lenten season; and in so far as we learn and practice this lesson will we keep Lent as it should be kept—in the spirit of Christ Crucified.

But the lesson should not be learned and practised for six weeks only. The Lenten spirit should carry us through the whole year. In so far as we do carry it with us constantly will we make a real success of life. The great heresy of modern life, particularly of our American life, is the fact that we have devised a heaven of our own and have centered our hopes of attaining it on the things of time. That mere wealth cannot give us happiness; that sensual pleasure does not satisfy; that there must be a true Heaven somewhere unless we are the most deceived of creatures, is the common experience of human kind. In answer to our quest for the purpose of our existence and its final reward the Christ of the Cross says: "He that *lose* his life shall *find* it."

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*

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Volume Eight

February, 1929

Number Seven

## Current Fact and Comment

### The Reactions of Three Americans

WHILE the Presidential Campaign and Election are a matter of history, the motives and procedure of many of fellow countrymen who played an active and important part in them are not dead. And, now that the sharpness of the contest has been dulled, we are in a better frame of mind to study the attitude of many Americans towards the Church. That attitude was revealed openly for the reason that a pronounced Catholic was seeking the Presidency. It is really a great pity that hundreds of thousands of Americans are so densely ignorant of what the Catholic Church is, of what she believes and teaches, of what she stands for that they will unhesitatingly accept without question the most absurd and ridiculous statements about her. On the other hand, it is a comfort to witness the reactions of some leading citizens of the country, men who do no special pleading for the Church, and who have straightforwardly expressed those reactions in the press. By grouping the statements of three such men we may size up the situation as it appears to the better element in our body politic.

Mr. Haley Fisk, President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and a member of the Episcopal Church, expressed his views in a letter to the editor of *The Living Church*, an Episcopalian publication of Catholic tendencies.

It is to me a matter of regret that an Anglican [Mr. Marshall] should have chosen the beginning of a political campaign to issue a book sure to arouse and inflame the public. The fire thus started spread.

Records have been kept and will be published to the extent to which religious bigotry was aroused. It defeated Mr. Smith. As a matter of fact, the Quakers and the Roman Catholics were the only people who did not enter

into the political campaign. There is no evidence of general support of Mr. Smith by Roman Catholics as such—there is evidence to the contrary. It is possible that many Roman Catholics were not satisfied with his independence.

The fact is that the campaign was carried on in such a way as necessarily to result in arousing prejudices against Catholicism. No intelligent person ever thought of a "Pope" in the White House; that was a slogan adopted to deceive the rural community. The real opposition was in three parts—against religious orders, the doctrine of the Mass, the Confession. Calling nunneries "houses of prostitution" (which was widely done) was an attack upon our Church as well as upon the Roman Catholic. The objections to Confession were equally valid against the Episcopal Church as against the Roman Catholic. The Catholic doctrine of the Mass is taught in the Episcopal Church as in the Roman Catholic.

It is unfortunately true that we are witnessing in this twentieth century an attack upon the Catholic religion. The intellectuals are at it. Current literature is full of it. The violence of Protestants against the Catholic religion was exhibited during our campaign and at the same time in England. The real issue between the candidates was obscured by these attacks, when the sole question was as to the loyalty of the candidates to the American constitution, and whether membership in a religious body is a disqualification for candidacy, irrespective of the personal loyalty of the candidate to our Constitution and laws and system of government. Each candidate had proved his fitness for the office.

Senator Bruce of Maryland hit the matter on the head when he said the real Vatican is in a large building in Washington run by a Protestant denomination. The Vatican in Rome was never heard from. Mr. Smith was defeated by Protestant opposition to the Catholic religion.

MR. ROBERT E. HICKS, President of the Robert E. Hicks Corporation, publishers of the *Specialty Salesman* magazine, has been a substantial supporter of

Protestant church activities both home and foreign. In a letter to Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, former President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has denounced the conduct of certain Protestant ministers, stating that "I cannot see my way clear to support financially an institution that in time of trial shakes off the mantle of Christian character and stoops to daub its hands with political filth." Pointedly and at length Mr. Hicks writes:

South Whitley, Indiana,  
December 26, 1928.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President,  
The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America,  
105 East 22nd Street,  
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Dr. Cadman:

This is in reply to your personal letter of recent date in which you mentioned a past contribution of mine, and your form letter dated December 8th, in which you indicate that further contributions would be welcome.

I am going to be very frank with you in this letter, Dr. Cadman, because I am convinced there never was a time when absolute frankness was more needed. The events of the last three months have been a revelation to me as regards the Protestant Christian Ministry and, as a result, I have arrived at certain definite conclusions which will completely dominate my attitude toward the body of which you have the honor to be the head.

For many years I have had great faith in your organization. I watched its progress with interest and felt sure that what I saw was a real development toward the Christian Unity that the Founder of the Faith must certainly have intended. But after carefully weighing the events of the last three months I find it impossible to hold that opinion longer.

Your form letter states that you found the recent sessions at Rochester remarkably inspiring and full of hope for the future. In the light shed by the Protestant Ministry during the last three months, I can construe that statement in but one way, namely: That you are building up a powerful organization that will be able successfully to battle another branch of the Christian Faith. In it I see absolutely no hope for the unity Christ so much desired.

The spectacle presented by Protestant ministers during the recent Presidential campaign was sickening to fair-minded and reasoning men. In a nation founded upon the principles of equal opportunity, of absolute separation of church and state, of full religious liberty, we saw and heard men whom we have accepted as spiritual leaders going up and down in the land with venom dripping from their tongues, spreading hatred, bitterness, prejudices, evidencing that basically they have progressed very, very little in Christian grace and Christ-like understanding. Though buried a thousand years the spirit of the dark ages arose and spoke again through these men. And not once did I hear the powerful voice of your organization raised to still these activities.

I do not propose here to go into the merits of the two men opposing each other for the Presidency of this country.

The issue to those interested in the growth of the Christian religion is much greater than that campaign. It reveals a distinct departure on the part of the Protestant Ministry from the preaching of the doctrines of Jesus Christ and from the ministrations of the Church which is His body, to enter into questions entirely civil and political.

That is significant. To my mind it indicates decay. It indicates a forgetting of what the church was built to do and an unholy lust for temporal power of a political nature. I want to say that when a minister of God turns his consecrated pulpit into a political soap box and from it preaches hatred against other believers in the same God, who are as sincere and faithful as he, I can no longer trust that man

as a spiritual adviser and grave doubts enter my mind concerning the organization that permits and sponsors such a perversion of sacred privilege.

To set at rest any feeling that I may be prejudiced, I present the following facts. I have been a Protestant all my life and in the politics of my country I have always been a Republican. It is true that I supported Mr. Smith during the last campaign, but I did so from a conviction that his experience and talents in government were superior to those of Mr. Hoover. However, to me it was but a matter of choice between two very good men and when the nation made its choice I stood ready to help all I could the man who was chosen. The election ended the matter. But it does not end this more serious development.

An examination of my books reveals that within the last four years I have assisted eighteen struggling Protestant churches in a financial way. At the present moment loans to them total over four hundred thousand dollars. Aside from this I find that within recent years I have made outright contributions that total over fifty thousand dollars.

I realize that these amounts are small compared with what some men have given, yet as riches are counted today, I am not a rich man.

These loans and gifts represent a considerable amount of all I possess. I felt that I was doing a good work and that there could be no better place for my money even though I could have placed it where it would have earned me much more. But when I observed ministers of the Gospel standing in pulpits built with my money, preaching hatred against their brothers in Christ, I began to wonder if I had not made a mistake. And when I beheld those same brothers, the Catholic clergy, maintaining a kindly forbearance, concerning themselves only with their work as servants of Christ, refraining from taking any part in a matter that was wholly political and mundane, I felt sure that I had.

As a result of my consideration of the forces at work during the last three months I find that it will be impossible for me to continue my contributions to the Protestant cause. From the indications that were everywhere in September and October I am forced to the conclusion that the Protestant Ministry has lost confidence in the power of God to work His will. I cannot see my way clear to support financially an institution that in a time of trial shakes off the mantle of Christian character and stoops to daub its hands with political filth.

From time to time as I am prospered, I may be able to put money into the great work of advancing the Christian Faith. I have not lost faith in that religion. Nothing that men can do will ever change the eternal verities of that revelation of God. But when such times arrive I feel that that branch of the faith which has revealed itself closest in harmony with the teaching of the Master is entitled to what aid I can give if it so desires.

Real Christianity should widen and deepen the sympathies of mankind. It should make them tolerant, loving and generous. The last Presidential campaign revealed that many of those responsible for the growth of Protestantism have not developed these qualities to the degree that they should be possessed. I somehow lose respect for those who are willing to ask a Catholic boy to give his life on the field of battle for his country and then deny his brother or his son the right to sit in the Chief Executive's chair. That disposition is not American, but what is worse it is not Christian.

Believe me, Doctor Cadman, I am not moved by any spirit of anger or bitterness in this decision. I am seventy-one years of age and feel that I ought to do what I can for the advancement of the Faith that has come to mean so much to me. I think that can best be done by aiding the organization that holds most closely to the responsibilities left in our care by the Master of us all.

Very truly yours,

(Signed by) ROBERT E. HICKS.

BEFORE 150 educators, jurists, business and professional men from all parts of the country assembled as delegates to a religious seminar under the auspices of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, stated that America had moved far from those ideals of religious liberty on which it was founded and a national movement to regenerate the spirit of religious freedom is sorely needed. It was the distinct purpose of the Fathers of the Republic to establish a government that would in no way be united with any church, much less be under the dominance of that church. Forgetfulness of this purpose is the reason why some religious organizations act under the conviction that the safeguarding of American morality has been entrusted to them and they will safeguard it through their church membership. Dr. Butler said:

We are facing a serious task whose importance cannot be exaggerated. It is to restore and strengthen a fundamental faith that is religious, political and social, a faith on which this country was founded, and which provides that we must have no discrimination on religious grounds as a test for political office or industrial and social accomplishments.

The government of the United States is in no wise founded upon Christianity. A barrier was erected by the fathers for a complete and what they thought would be an effective separation of the church and State. Militant efforts are being made, as we have seen, to tear down that barrier. We must war against such efforts. And, fighting religious bigotry, we shall at the same time be fighting for the preservation of the American political and social system which guarantees absolute religious freedom.

Speaking of charges made in religious circles that college youths are irreligious and lean strongly to atheism, Dr. Butler said what the young men and women in college need is not criticism but guidance "to enter the temple of faith and to understand the beliefs of faith and worship."

I know that American undergraduates are supposed to regard all religion as forms of superstitions, worthy objects for museums as curiosities. Their scientific and philosophical studies may have led some to the conclusion.

But a curious thing about American undergraduates that could not have been foreseen is their present attitude toward religion. In their studies of the history of the western world they find themselves face to face on every turn with the domination of religion. Then they ask themselves how it can happen that something has been dominant in the world's affairs for thousands of years may be regarded as no longer important.

What has happened to create that attitude of mind and how can we best take advantage of it to guide our college youth into the temples of religion? That is a serious and profound question and it is our task to find its answer.

\* \* \* \* \*

DR. BUTLER did not mention the past Presidential Campaign but evidently had it in mind when he said that to liberal Americans who love religious liberty "the events of the summer and autumn must have brought shame and humiliation." It is to be sincerely hoped that the time is not far remote when the influence of these three distinguished men and the thousands of others who are like-minded will be potent factors in removing the blight of such an un-Christian and un-American thing as religious bigotry from our midst.

### Dreiser's Looks

CURRENT HISTORY for January gives its readers a glimpse of Russia today by publishing a chapter of the book, "Dreiser Looks at Russia." We cannot say that the partial view we got created a desire for more extensive gazing.

In fact if we have any desire at all in connection with our perusal, it is to avoid both Russia and Mr. Dreiser for the future. We confess, however, that of the two we found Mr. Dreiser the less dull; we were taken somewhat with the immense sangfroid with which he proceeds to insinuate that Russia is not wrong, for the simple reason that right and wrong are arbitrary standards that may be changed any time by bullet and bayonet. In his majestic calm he winds up by illustrating in his own case, with never a suspicion of the spectacle, what a huge absurdity a man may become who thinks his personal way of "looking" can do away with eternal verities. But Mr. Dreiser is not the only extant specimen. The spiritual latitude that he inhabits has many creatures of his wing and feather who, though they belong to a lower order, give great promise of development since they have been offered \$3,000,000,000 for the enforcement of Prohibition.

### Why Not Now?

IF ONE-HALF of the world does not know how the other half lives the alleged ignorance does not prevent the knowing half from taking a lively interest in how the unknown half spends its money. What a soulful anxiety is seen in many of the "ads" today about the folly of a sneezing public that persists in buying the wrong remedy for its colds! The right remedy is, of course, offered by the particular "ad" you happen to light upon at any particular time. Not only is it the right remedy, but it covers the gamut of treatment from prevention to cure. The only unpleasant effect (they are all easy to take: those destined for points interior) will be a slight depression in the pocketbook. It is difficult to understand the supercilious pose that these "ads" take towards one another. It may be that each one is so taken up with its own exalted merit that it is really unconscious of the presence of the other.

But in these days of specializing such haughtiness is out of place. Preliminary consultation on the part of the medicine makers could map out human infirmity into well defined sections. One manufacturer could concentrate on preventing colds, another on arresting them, and so on up to complete cure with the added feature of future immunity. In this way patrons could be passed on from one section to another: which would in time bring about amongst the manufacturers, if not respect for each other's product, at least recognition of the existence of one another. The only difficulty in the way of bringing about preliminary consultation is that the manufacturers, like the ancient soothsayers, could not meet without laughing. They could. If they don't laugh now, why should they laugh then?

# Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

## I DO NOT LIKE A ROOF TONIGHT

Though the Christmas season is long past we cannot forebear quoting these graceful lines from *Good House-keeping* by Grace Noll Crowell:

I do not like a roof tonight.  
I long to walk a barren field—or lie  
Face upward on a hill and watch the sky  
Sparkle with silver—and to know  
That one night, long ago,  
These same stars, with the same hand guiding them,  
Shone down on Bethlehem.

A roof shuts out the stars—it drugs with sleep.  
I wish I were a shepherd of white sheep  
Out on the hills, and for their sake  
Must keep awake . . .  
And I would see the radiance of the sky,  
The rapture of the slow stars marching by:  
The near ones bright—the far ones very dim,  
But speaking, every one, of Him.

I do not like a roof tonight.  
But from the fields, if I should hasten down  
Toward the glimmering lights of any town,  
I think that I should find the Christ-child there  
Under a star—somewhere.  
Faith or fancy—call it as you will—  
The stars at Christmas guide me to Him still.

## ON THE DOTTED LINE

Hugh Leamy writes an interesting article on autographs in *Collier's*, The National Weekly. Of course your first reaction is probably going to be "Let them pay a couple of thousand dollars for a bit of paper with somebody's name signed to it. I've got better use for my money." Well, that makes two of us. Nevertheless Mr. Leamy has some interesting things to write. Among many we note these:

"You can get autographs of the saints as far back as the fourteenth century," Mr. Madigan told me. "I have had those of St. Theresa of Spain, founder of the order of Carmelite nuns; of St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva; of St. Charles Borromeo of Italy; of St. Vincent de Paul and many others.

"With the increased interest in the collecting of them, autographs have been jumping in value in recent years. About eight years ago I sold a letter of Poe's in which he referred to *The Raven* and quoted Elizabeth Barrett Browning's enthusiastic praise of it. It also contained a reference to his *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. It sold for about \$900. I'd gladly pay three times that for it today if I could buy it back."

The death of a prominent man often sees a great advance in the value of his autographs. After President Harding died his autographs were comparatively rare and for a time widely sought. Gradually, however, more and more of them have come upon the market, and today they are not by any means among the first-string rarities.

"Always in demand are letters of famous letter writers such as Lord Chesterfield; and of course, letters of sensa-

tional content, or love letters of the great, are widely sought. How valuable George Washington's love letters would be if we had them today! But after Washington's death his widow destroyed most of his manuscripts and documents which were in her possession, and undoubtedly these were among the papers destroyed."

## POST MORTEM: THE ELECTION

Waltar Lippmann contributes to *Vanity Fair* some afterthoughts on the Republican victory. Among many good things he says about the defeat of the man with the brown derby we note these:

Those who worked most fervently against him sincerely believed they were defending the most precious things in America. They won an overwhelming victory. Yet it would be well if in the hour of their triumph the sanest and ablest of those who made this campaign a crusade, men like Mr. Borah and Mr. White, would stop to think whether it is not necessary for them to begin at once to undo some of the grievous mischief they had to countenance in order that they might prevail. They took the position that they were defending American civilization against an alien thing. Is it not a little alarming to them that this supposedly alien thing should be ten to twelve million votes strong? They countenanced the outright organization of many Protestant churches to turn votes in an election. That is no small matter to those who remember what a danger to free government is the intrusion into politics of churches as organized bodies.

## THE HOTEL CHAPEL

Hotel Biltmore of New York City has learnt a lesson from the medieval inns. It now incorporates a chapel for prayer and meditation. This is a step in the right direction though this chapel will never give to the wayfarer in the wilds of the great city what the hostels of the middle ages had to offer the devout Catholic pilgrim. Here is a description of what might be called a "house of prayer for all the people":

"It is an exquisite little sanctuary, reminiscent of Sainte-Chapelle, on the Isle de Cite, Paris, a beautiful and cloistered retreat in a great municipal building. Or it might suggest the tiny chapels hidden away in the floral splendors of the Palazzo Barberini or the Palazzo Doria in Rome. It is without precedent in America, both in its inspiration and in its use of ecclesiastical tradition without fashioning a single definitely religious symbol. It is to be a chapel for worshippers of all faiths.

"Carved pilasters speak of the choir stalls of Notre Dame. The tiled floor might have come from a Franciscan monastery. Iron grill work is Florentine, and there are bits of ornamentation suggesting the warm splendors of the San Sulpice. Beside the altar are small stained-glass windows, with the figures of kneeling angels—drawn, however, with an emphasis of purely decorative effects, in apparent avoidance of any literal symbolism. There are hints of Gothic, Romanesque, Baroque, and Byzantine, all exquisitely blended.

"One may step down the corridor and look out across the Grand Central station and a wilderness of skyscrapers, a

jumble of architecture and a confluence of many faiths and many cultures.

"This shows why this chapel is needed," said John McEntee Bowman, president of the hotel corporation. "I don't think so much of putting Bibles in the rooms—not to speak with any lack of veneration for the Bible—but I believe, rather, that a hurried, harassed and driven person, as most of us are these days, needs a retreat like this, where he may worship his own God in his own way. The chapel has been planned to provide a retreat of peace and beauty for Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant worshippers—or those of any other faiths. For this reason, we have consciously and carefully avoided including the symbol of any particular faith. These chapels will be placed in all the hotels of our system, and in any other building which I may happen to control."

#### A THOUGHT FOR THE "SCIENTIST"

Evidently a reader of the New York *Herald-Tribune* is "sick and tired" of the attitude of certain would-be scientists when they assume to dictate in all branches of learning including religion; for he writes:

The smug egotism of certain scientists as regards religion brings to mind a rather apt little verse:

"God breathed His life into  
The dull contented sod:  
The sod looked up and said  
'There is no God.'"

#### A PROTESTANT COUNTRY?

Is there any truth to the assertion that this is a Protestant country? A contributor to *The Churchman*—A Liberal Episcopal Journal—who signs himself "The Friar" says that this statement is utterly false. "History does not sustain it" and he points out:

"Catholic Maryland has always been as much an integral part of 'this country' as has Quaker Pennsylvania or Methodist Georgia. Flatly this is not a Protestant country any more than it is a Jewish country. It is a magnificent section of a great continent where millions of free men, women, and children live and move and have their being. They have come together from all corners of the earth, either coming themselves or by reason of their ancestors' migration. They have come to be free from age-old traditions that they might be free to think such thoughts as seem good to them about life, about God and about man's relation to the seen and the unseen. With common appreciation of the wide opportunities here afforded and with a common loyalty to the necessity to defend and uphold those opportunities, these millions glory in America, the land of free minds and free souls, and rejoice in the high privilege of worshipping God—or not worshipping—as each and every one shall choose. This great land gives shelter, life, opportunity to many millions of various kinds of Protestants; but it gives no less to millions of loyal believers in the teachings of that Christian Church which is many centuries older than the oldest Protestant body, the Church called Catholic, mother of countless saints and martyrs. This country also offers the same privileges to and exacts the same devotion from other millions, Jews, whose religious tradition and mode of worship is yet more centuries older than the Catholic Faith. And still others there are who, through earnest searching after truth have wandered forth from all the churches and are pursuing their own way of thought and life. These, if they be honest and loyal citizens of the land, are just as truly claimants to every right and privilege which 'this country' has to give as are the straightest followers of any Protestant organization. Who says this is a Protestant

country? It is the land of the Living God, as all lands are, and it is the rightful home of every man or woman dwelling in it and obeying its laws."

#### A WRITER'S QUANDARY

If you are a writer, says the English novelist, D. H. Lawrence, in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* "nothing is more confusing than the difference between the things you have to say and the things you are allowed to print." His words, opines *The Literary Digest*, might be recommended especially for those disposed to censorship:

"Talking to an intelligent girl, the famous *jeune fille* who is the excuse for the great *Hush! Hush!* in print, you find, not that you have to winnow your words and leave out all the essentials, but that she, the innocent girl in question, is flinging all sorts of fierce questions at your head, in all sorts of shameless language, demanding all sorts of impossible answers. You think to yourself: My Heaven, this is the innocent young thing on whose behalf books are suppress! And you wonder: How on earth am I to answer her?

"You decide the only way to answer her is straightforward. She smells an evasion in an instant, and despises you for it. She is no fool, the innocent maiden. Far from it. And she loathes an evasion. Talking to her father in the sanctum of his study, you have to winnow your words and watch your step, the old boy is so nervous, so tremulous lest anything be said that should hurt his feelings. But once away in the drawing-room or the garden, the innocent maiden looks at you anxiously, and it is all you can do to prevent her saying crudely: 'Please don't be annoyed with Daddy. You see he is like that, and we have to put up with him.' Or else from blurting out: 'Daddy's an old fool, but he is a dear, isn't he?'

"It is a queer reversal of the Victorian order. Father winces and bridles and trembles in his study or his library, and the innocent maiden knocks you flat with her outspokenness in the conservatory. And you have to admit that she is the man of the two: of the three, maybe. Especially when she says, rather sternly: 'I hope you didn't let Daddy see what you thought of him!' 'But what do I think of him?' I gasp. 'Oh, it's fairly obvious!' she replies coolly, and dismisses the point."

#### PAGANIZED LITERATURE

"What Boston spews out of her mouth New York devours." This from an English journalist, Mr. James Douglas by name, in the *London Sunday Express*. "We are distressed," he declares again, "by the paganization of English literature, and by its headlong descent into unparalleled depravations of the mind and soul." Reading further:

"The moral anarchy raging in English literature has forced the Irish Free State to flirt with the desperate remedy of a censorship. The fault is not theirs; it is ours. The muddy torrent of noisome books pouring from our printing presses provokes condonation instead of condemnation by many men of letters. Under the cover of their apologetic dialectics the pornographers are polluting our literature with abominations that no newspaper would venture to discuss.

"I am overwhelmed, on the one hand, with reproaches from all parts of the country because I refuse to advertise these horrors by putting them into the public pillory. On the other hand I am assailed because I have warned the world of literature that it must purge itself of pornography if it wishes to preserve its unfettered liberty.

"I am amazed to see Mr. Bernard Shaw rushing to defend the perpetrator of the foulest book that is now being

sold shamelessly all over the land. I do not propose to name either the author of this book or the book itself. I do not believe that Mr. Shaw has read it or heard of it. But he shields the writer of it with his respectable authority.

"If such books as this continue to circulate in Great Britain a censorship is inevitable, for neither Irish nor English public opinion will long tolerate their immunity. The plague is spreading so fast that society will be driven to protect itself. As if our native pornography were not large enough to meet the demand we are now being drenched with translations of foreign pornography disguised as classical literature.

"Another aspect of the pestilence is the new practise adopted by some of our pornographers. They print their unspeakable wares on the Continent and dump them there. What they deem to be fit for us they print here; what they deem to be unfit for even our lax standard they export to us. And our literary apostles of liberty are silent.

In the United States pornography is triumphant. An American friend tells me that a book which is banned in one State enjoys a boom in the other States. What Boston spews out of her mouth, New York devours. American pornography percolates here. I have read some American best sellers which no English publisher would touch with a pair of tongs.

#### WIFE-ING IT

Anne Herendeen writes a delightful essay for *The Woman's Journal* on the reversible wife who spends evenings and Sundays (sometimes) in the home and is "at the office from nine to five." Much of late has been written about this new model; but these reflections are the best that we have read in some time:

An able woman can be a fairly good business or professional person and a fairly good housewife, or she can be a very efficient business woman and a quite poor housewife, but I have never yet met in real life the prodigy of magazine and newspaper fame who is awfully good at both at the same time. Yet, as a result of this fame, women are now expected to be 200 per cent effective, 100 per cent in the home and 100 per cent out of it. We are expected to be two complete persons.

How about bringing up our daughters with the idea that there is, among the careers now open to them, one that is for the moment nameless because while the warp of it is made up of age-old values, of trust and hope and devotion and wifely pride, the woof shimmers with new lights and modern colors—with the reflections of a later day. Why not point out to them that this unadvertised profession is interesting and quite worthy of consideration even among such super-pastimes as artichoke raising, deep-sea fishing, and bareback riding?

How to designate this profession? And what is the title of the woman who practices it? "Housekeeper?" No. "Lady-of-the-house" has been debased by tramps and hand-outs. In any other language a title would suggest itself. *Come sta la Signora? Madame se trouve bien?* Our own language lacks a designation for the 100 per cent wife.

This woman, in giving herself so completely to her husband and to his country, gains a beauty and largeness of soul, a serenity of mind and spirit, a true greatness, a true completion, that one felt upon the first contact with her and never thereafter forgot.

*Wifehood* used to be a state into which circumstances were apt to thrust one.

*Wife-ing* it is a profession which one may choose from amongst many others.

This makes all the difference.

#### THE PERILS OF LITERACY

Maria Moravsky, who contributes an article with the above caption to *The North American Review*, was born in Poland and lived the greater part of her life in Russia. She came to this enlightened country with many preconceived notions, among which we note these:

I came to America with the firm belief that the more newspapers, magazines and books there are in a country, the more intelligent its people are. Having heard about your many newspapers and—wonder of wonders!—a free library in every larger town, I expected the masses here to be far more intelligent than in Russia.

The truth is, as I see it now, that an average American is no more intelligent than an average Russian. Perhaps, even, in matters requiring independent thinking, in philosophy and religion, he is less intelligent. And I believe that it is because Americans read too much.

Americans have more ideas than they possibly could have arrived at independently. Newspapers see to that. Brains like guns shrink and degenerate from too much predigested food. Not being called on to work for a long time, they refuse to function.

How to make an average man think, if he is given all his opinions ready-made? I do not know. Presenting problems to him is of no avail. There are debates especially staged for the problem-hounds, with all the *pros* and *contras* neatly presented for their choice. General opinion to the contrary, those debates do not promote thinking as much as solitary pondering over the problem would.

Too much education is, in this case, a dangerous thing. It would be worth while to keep in mind not only the blessings but also the perils of literacy.

#### THE MAN OF SCIENCE

We are sure that we spotted this thought provoking verse in *Columbia* many months ago. But, anyhow, it comes to us now through the *London Observer*. H.D.C.P. is the way the author signs himself.

The man of science knows the girth  
And most dimensions of the Earth,  
The substances of Moon and Sun,  
When Comets on their courses run,  
And much I cannot well explain  
About the functions of the brain.

He also has propounded theses  
Upon the Origin of Species. . . .

But what the goal, and why the soul,  
And whence the wonder of the whole  
Amazing show, are questions still  
As awkward as the human will,  
Unsolved by Spectroscope and Prism. . . .

But answered in the Catechism.

# To Fray Junipero Serra

WHO PLANTED THE FAITH IN CALIFORNIA

By MARY MENDENHALL PERKINS

**S**TAND beside me within the Mission Gate at Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif., and gaze on a landscape as virgin as when the Franciscan Fathers, beholding its surpassing beauty of mountain, valley, and river, the blue Carmel Bay close by, chose it for a site on which to rear the historical Mission San Carlos del Rio Carmelo. Turning to admire the graceful bell-tower of the church, your vision is arrested by a small white wooden cross, amidst adobe ruins, to the south of the courtyard. This cross marks the room and identical spot where the saintly Fray Junipero Serra passed to his eternal rest. Between this spot and the church, and contiguous to it, is a sanctuary.

Pause for a bit and meditate on this pastoral scene, marked, in the near future, for a different phase by the vanguard of modern progress. The great San Simeon Highway, now under construction along the coast of California, linking Monterey with San Luis Obispo, will bring the motorist past the Mission; and within the sanctuary is a magnet sufficiently strong to arrest and draw the atten-

tion of all who pass that way. It is a splendid sarcophagus, dedicated to the memory of Junipero Serra, the subject matter of this article.

The week from October 12, to October 19, 1924, was set apart, by the people of the entire Monterey Peninsula, to celebrate with a pilgrimage, the anniversary of the passing of Fray Junipero Serra; although the actual date was August 28th, the day which the church holds as his spiritual birth. That was the day first decided upon, but unavoidable circumstances made it imperative to change the date to October. However, the intent of the celebration remained the same—a season of rejoicing, religious ceremonies at its inception and closing, with fiestas, pageants, etc., in between.

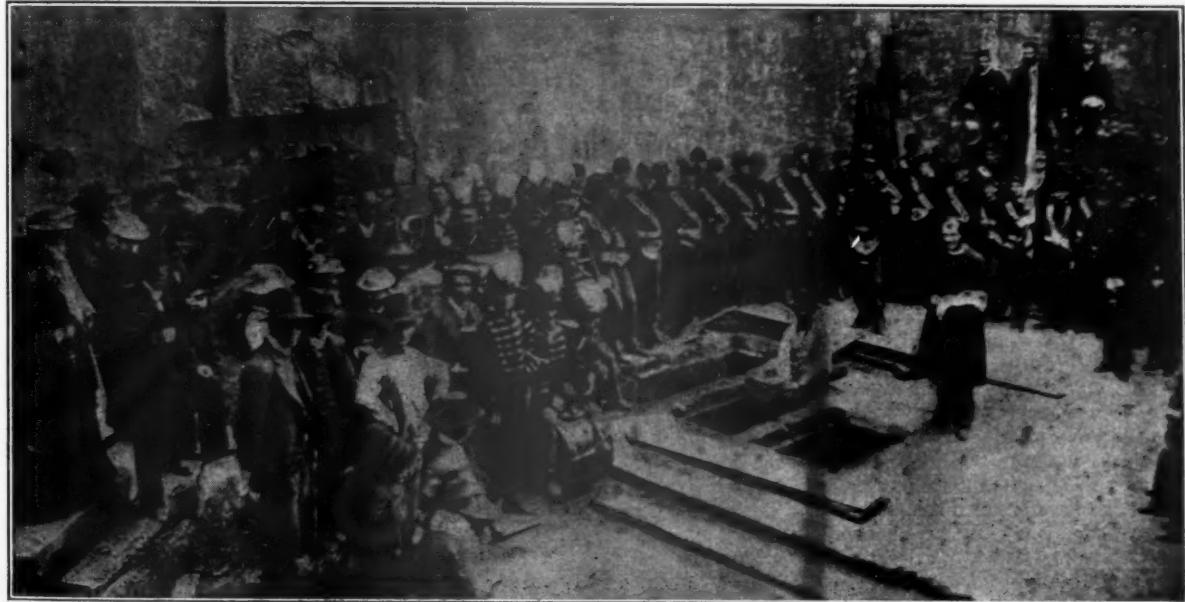
The outstanding event of the week was the unveiling of the sarcophagus in the new sanctuary at the ancient Mission San Carlos del Rio Carmelo in California.

The conception of a memorial to Fray Junipero Serra, in the form of

a sarcophagus, was that of Father Ramon Mestres, of the Diocese of Monterey; while the design which was followed, and the labor of creating the beautiful work of art, is that of the California sculptor, Joseph J. Mora, whose studio is at Pebble Beach overlooking Carmel Bay.

An interesting tribute to this work of Mr. Mora was paid by the eminent sculptor, Frolich, who studied in Paris ten years, and who has a fine figure in the Congressional Library in Washington. He says, "Mr. Mora went back and lived in the sixteenth century when he designed the portraits and surrounding panels of the sarcophagus. He has studied in the Beaux Arts in Paris and also with some of the best masters in the American School; consequently he has given us, in this masterpiece, four hundred more years of intense knowledge of his technique of the modern day.

"We all know, or should know, that at one time Greece was the greatest country, had the greatest people and the finest art, which no sculptor of the present day, not even Michael Angelo or Benvenuto Cellini has



FRAY JUNIPERO'S GRAVE OPENED A FEW YEARS AGO IN SAN CARLOS MISSION, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA



CARMEL MISSION SHOWING ONE OF THE ORIGINAL BELLS ON THE GATEWAY. AT THE LEFT IS THE RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED CHAPEL ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE ONE ERECTED BY JUNIPERO SERRA. WITHIN IS HIS MEMORIAL SARCOPHAGUS

achieved; and it has carried the fame of that country for thousands of years up to and including the present day, and will continue so to do for decades to come. Just so will Mora's sarcophagus a thousand years hence, and longer, help to establish America as one of the great artistic countries of the world."

**O** QUOTE from a sketch of California's sculptor, by F. Stonerod, appearing in the Monterey Peninsula *Herald*: "Father Mestres brought Jo Mora from San Francisco, three years ago, to do the Serra sarcophagus. The work, as it stands complete today, is but one more monument to the art and skill of America's foremost sculptor. Mr. Mora has attained the height of success in his art by hard work, careful and patient study. His genius is hereditary as his father was also a noted sculptor. It runs in the Mora blood. There are few artists before the public today who are so well fitted to interpret the Spanish and the Southwestern Indian architecture and customs as is Jo Mora. He lives it and dreams

about it. He has traveled on horseback over the same trail taken by Portola and Father Junipero Serra's party on the historic trek from Bahia, Lower California, to Alta California a hundred and fifty years ago. He made a study of all the old Missions and tarried for months at a time along the El Camino Real; some of his most prized possessions are the notes and sketches he made on this trip.

"Lack of space prevents mention of but a few of Mora's notable masterpieces. There is the Cervantes monument in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; the Doughboy Monument in front of the San Rafael Courthouse; the Bret Harte Memorial on the Post Street entrance to the Bohemian Club, San Francisco; and the exterior panels of The Native Sons building in San Francisco. He interpreted the Spanish Renaissance in the lobby of the Los Angeles Examiner building. The heroic pediment on the Pacific Mutual building and the decorative figures on the Realty Syndicate building are two other examples of Mora's art in

Los Angeles. Mora and his father did the beautiful figure-groups on both the Orpheum and Los Angeles Athletic Club buildings. One of this sculptor's latest works is the tympanum on the San Francisco Stock Exchange, a figure composition interpreted in the Greek.

"Mora is one of the most popular members of both the Bohemian and Family Clubs in San Francisco. He works hard but finds time for play too. He is a valuable asset to California, which, as he says, has such a wealth of tradition. It teems with historical romance, and in the work of restoring the old Missions and adobes as well as the re-birth of Spanish architecture, as evidenced in our numerous buildings of more modern construction, the advice and assistance of Mora is invaluable, and will be fully appreciated as time goes on."

**T**HE date set for the unveiling of the sarcophagus was October 12th. It was an impressive and momentous occasion, following the celebration of High Mass in the Mission Church. Fathers Mestres, wearing the cope which had once hung from the shoulders of Fray Serra, was assisted by Monsignor Gleason of San Francisco. Within the altar rail were numerous Church dignitaries from different parts of California; the Marquis de Viana, Equerry to the King of Spain, and his special representative at this ceremony; the Duke de Coquillo; and Jose Jimeno, Spanish Consul at San Francisco.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Father Mestres, Monsignor Gleason, the priests from other Missions, the representatives of the Spanish King, and the Spanish Consul filed in procession through the assembled multitude, reverently standing, toward the open door of the Mission Church. Having passed through its sacred portal, a turn to the right and a few steps brought them to the threshold of the newly constructed sanctuary, which houses the sarcophagus of the venerated Fray Junipero Serra.

On entering the sanctuary, Father Mestres and the assisting priests together with the representatives of the King of Spain, grouped themselves near the altar, a gift of the sculptor Joseph Mora, designed and made by him. Silence reigned while Father Mestres offered a prayer. The ceremony of unveiling followed.

The sarcophagus was draped with the flag of our country, the Papal flag, and the flag of Spain. The American flag was the first to be removed; this was done by the sculptor's young son and daughter. By a clever arrangement this flag was then drawn to the wall at the left of the altar. The next flag to be removed was that of Spain; this was done by the Marquis de Viana and the Spanish Consul and in like manner was lifted and hung on the wall at the right of the altar. Lastly, Father Mestres and Monsignor Gleason removed the Papal flag, which was hoisted high on the wall at the left of the altar. These three flags were left to be permanently displayed there. As the Papal flag was removed the choir in the loft, opposite the altar, sang a beautiful hymn, befitting the occasion, "Behold a Greek Priest."

Then followed the roll call of the California Missions; twenty-one in all. As the name of each Mission was called, the representative of that Mission made a short response and placed a floral tribute at the side of the bier. This roll call was a very touching ceremony to the native Californian, for, as the names San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, Santa Barbara, San Juan Bautista, etc., were called, they were significant of restoration and preservation of our history; while the names of beautiful Purissima, San Jose at Jolon, Soledad, and others, stirred the emotions to the utmost, for their ruined state. Another prayer offered after the roll call concluded the ceremonies.

THE sanctuary itself is replete with interest, for it was raised on the selfsame foundation of the chapel in which Junipero Serra taught Christianity to the Indians. It may be noted here that he planned the Mission San Carlos but did not live to see its fulfillment. The interior of the sanctuary, erected to receive the sarcophagus, is beamed and decorated as nearly like those in his beloved Spain as could be, with the crude material which they had at hand. The floor is done again in the Spanish tile like those placed there in his time. It is all historically correct in every detail.

The main portion of the sarcophagus is of California travertine. Surmounting it is the recumbent figure of Fray Junipero in bronze.

His unshod feet are resting against a diminutive figure of a bear, emblem of the State of California. The idea of the sculptor to be conveyed here is that Fray Junipero Serra was royal; it being the custom to place the feet of royalty against a cushion or some animal on similar sarcophagi in the Old World.

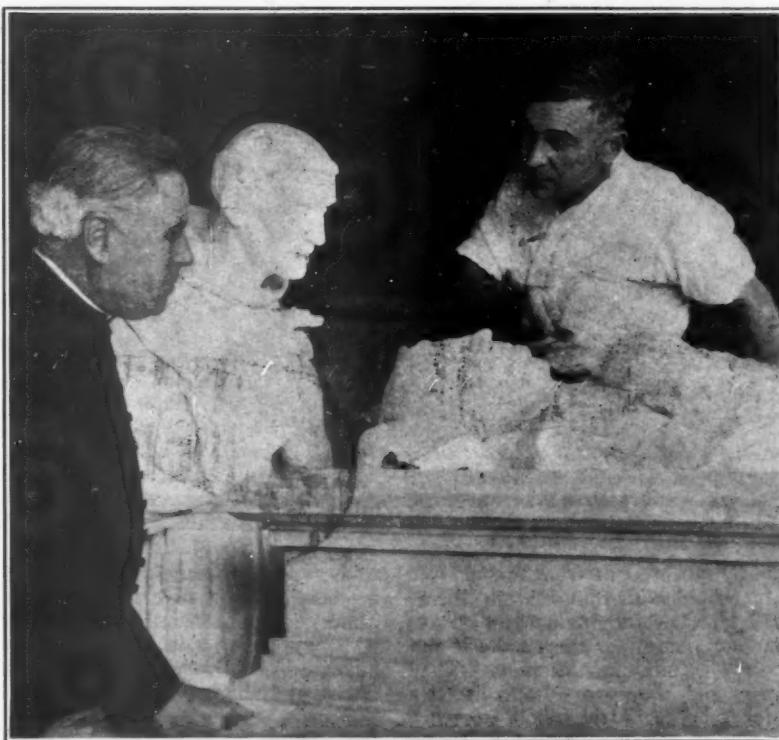
At the edge of the slab is a plain band of bronze about two inches wide, on which is inscribed in Spanish, the legend of Fray Junipero's life. Translated it reads:

"Dedicated to the memory of the V. P. F. Junipero Serra, legitimate son of Antonio Serra and Margherita Ferrer. Born at Petra, Island of Majorca, Spain, November 24, 1713. Received the habit of St. Francis, September 15, 1731. Embarked as missionary to San Fernando, Mexico, 1749. Was chosen as President of all the Missions in Lower and Upper California, at the College of San Fernando, Mexico, in 1767. Founder of the new Missions in Upper California. The idea of the creation of this Memorial is that of Father Ramon Mestres. Originated and executed in the year 1924 by the sculptor

Joseph Mora. Both Father Ramon and Joseph Mora are countrymen of the same blood as Fray Junipero Serra, who died here in 1784. R. I. P."

BENEATH this band are three bronze plaques on one side of the sarcophagus, symbolizing difficulty with the Indians at San Diego, where they burned the Mission and killed one of the Mission Fathers; the landing at Monterey; and celebration of Mass under an oak tree there. On the reverse side there are three plaques which are symbolic of Portola's march, with his soldiers and provision train through the long stretches of uninhabited country from San Diego to Monterey. On the side of the bier, beneath the head of the recumbent figure, is a bronze plaque showing Christianized Indians tilling the soil with oxen. At the foot is seen Fray Junipero Serra praying ten days to St. Joseph for food and provision for the starving missionaries and their charges at San Diego. Almost miraculously on the tenth day the relief ships of Portola arrived.

Beneath these plaques the sarco-



LEFT, FATHER RAMON MESTRES. RIGHT, THE SCULPTOR, JOSEPH MORA.  
STANDING, THE MODEL FOR CRESPI

phagus is encircled with a bronze motif at once decorative and, on close inspection, seen to be replete with historical interest. From it we learn that to Fray Junipero Serra, California owes its art, its agriculture, its music, and its Christian influence. For, if you search, you will find in this beautiful border the heads of cattle, the goat, the sheep, the horse, sheaves of wheat, the grape, the olive,

tine. At the foot of this portion, in bas-relief, is the coat-of-arms of Spain, with the knotted cord of the Franciscan Order draping one side, while beneath is a garland of California poppies. On one side of this lower portion of the sarcophagus is a medallion of King Carlos of Spain. On either side of this medallion and set in bold relief is a group, one showing three types of Spanish

corner of the foot of the sarcophagus is a kneeling figure in bronze; one of Father Lasuan, later President of the Missions, and one of Fray Lopez, his assistant.

**H**IS memorial to Fray Junipero Serra constitutes one of the most interesting works of art we possess in California. To Father Ramon Mestres an artistic debt is



BRONZE AND TRAVERTINE SARCOPHAGUS IN MEMORY OF FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA UNVEILED AT SAN CARLOS MISSION, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 12, 1924

the fig, all brought from Spain. We are beholden to him for our literature, for he brought the first books; for our music, for they wrote it and taught it in the Missions. They spun and they wove; and in this bronze border is the whole story.

Underneath this band the travertine spreads out like a table and below this is the greater depth of the sarcophagus, which is entirely of traver-

soldiers; the other, three teaching brothers. On the reverse side, in the center, is a medallion of Pius VI, while on either side of this, set in likewise in bold relief, are pagan and Christian Indians.

Standing at the head of Fray Junipero Serra is a bronze statue of Father Crespi—his close friend—his right hand raised in the act of making the sign of the cross. At either

due, for not only was the conception of a memorial to Fray Junipero Serra his, but he aided the work in every way possible and carried it to its fulfillment. It was to his unflagging efforts that the restoration of the Mission San Carlos del Rio Carmelo is Spanish in every detail, the only one of the Missions to adhere true to the type in the process of restoration.

# France and the Holy See

## IN THE MATTER OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS

**A**T a meeting of the French Academy in Paris at the end of November, 1928, two pronouncements were made concerning the renewal of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See which are so remarkable that they deserve quotation in some detail. The occasion was of unusual importance, for it coincided with the recent troubles in French politics which had compelled M. Poincaré to reconstruct his Government, as the result of attacks by the Radical Party, directed very largely against his proposal to encourage the French foreign missions. M. Herriot and his colleagues had been compelled to retire from the Ministry, and M. Poincaré had to form a new Government drawn very much from the same elements which composed the old Bloc National. Once again, during November, the old controversy over the relations of Church and State had cut across party politics in France; and M. Poincaré, after going to the furthest possible lengths in concession to the old sectarian spirit, had decided to trust to his own prestige and persuasive powers to carry the Chamber with him.

Such were the conditions when one of the picturesque formal meetings of the French Academy was held for the purpose of admitting a new Academician. It happened that the new Academician was one of the most important of French diplomats, and that he had been elected to replace the late M. Jonnart, who had been appointed as the first French Ambassador to the Vatican after diplomatic relations were restored in 1922. On such occasions the new Academician is required to deliver an elaborate panegyric upon his predecessor; and another member of the Academy delivers a formal reply, which reviews the qualifications of the new member and discusses his public career. On November 29th, when M. Paleologue thus appeared for the first time in the green uniform of the Academy to pronounce his eulogy upon M. Jonnart, it was one of the politician members of the Academy, M. Barthou — who has

By DENIS GWYNN

been Prime Minister, and who is a prominent member of the present Government—who had to pronounce the address of welcome to M. Paleologue. The exchange of compliments was made all the more significant because M. Poincaré, who is likewise an Academician, was present in his green uniform on the platform; and in the front of the hall, which is always crowded with distinguished visitors on such occasions, sat Cardinal Dubois, the Archbishop of Paris.

**I**T WOULD have been very easy to avoid any reference to the major problems involved in the restoration of diplomatic relations with the Vatican; for M. Jonnart had gone there only at the end of a very active public life. M. Paleologue had also filled many positions in diplomacy, besides having been head of the Foreign Office. But the conditions under which the addresses were delivered decided both speakers to make unexpectedly strong declarations on a controversial subject. And the presence of both M. Poincaré and Cardinal Dubois, as well as Mgr. Baudrillart (who has invented a curious green uniform of his own as an ecclesiastical member of the Academy), added a certain piquancy to the scene.

M. Paleologue, in an admirably polished academic speech, surveyed all the earlier phases of his predecessor's public career. But it was when he came to the last phase, after the conclusion of the Great War, that he stimulated curiosity. He explained that the last responsibility undertaken by M. Jonnart had resulted from negotiations which took place when he himself had been Secretary General at the Quai d'Orsay. "For seventeen years," he began, tackling the delicate question with engaging frankness, "France and the Holy See were no longer acquainted, either officially or semi-officially. Their divorce was complete: the gulf was unbridgeable, and grew wider from day to day. The disadvantages of

that situation—I speak only from the French point of view—had very soon revealed themselves in our foreign relations. Our rivals had lost no time in taking possession of the position that we had abandoned to them. All those works of propaganda which our missionaries had sustained abroad for centuries, and which have done so much to extend the influence of France, were endangered. Even our diplomatic action was constantly disturbed."

"Within our own frontiers," he went on, "the rupture of our relations with the Court of the Vatican produced results no less injurious. Our secular clergy were left at times completely unprotected against the claims of Ultramontane Absolutism. And in the selection of bishops our clergy could no longer count upon any mediator qualified to defend at the Holy See their rights and their traditions, to safeguard that national imprint, that free and spontaneous character, that breadth of feelings and of views which, within the universal Church, have always distinguished the Church of France. The blunder which we had committed in 1905 . . ." (and many eyes must have turned curiously towards M. Poincaré and M. Barthou when he used such words) ". . . had often been admitted even by those who, in our conflict with Rome, had shown themselves most aggressive."

**D**or content with this provocative statement, the ex-Ambassador went on to emphasize the affront to the Holy See that had been involved in the rupture of diplomatic relations. He proceeded, with startling candor, to suggest that France had been extremely fortunate in being able to renew the relations without being rebuffed. "We had not only wounded the Sovereign Pontiff in his dignity," M. Paleologue went on; "we had raised between ourselves and him the obstacle of a principle upon which no Pope could compromise. The Government of the Republic had, by its own unfettered decision, decreed a new form of organization for the Church in France, and it had claimed to oppose that organization

to the Holy See without ever having consulted it beforehand. In that way, from the Papal point of view, we had attacked the autonomy of the Apostolic power in what was supereminently its own domain. That is why all the attempts which were made to recreate, even in the most discreet form, some sort of contact between France and the Holy See failed one after another. It was soon manifest that the renewal of diplomatic relations would remain impossible so long as the Government of the Republic shrank from taking the initiative openly in an official negotiation."

**T**HEN, M. Paleologue continued, came the Great War. "Our absence from the Vatican gave to the German Empires every opportunity for pleading their own cause there, and we remember how they used their opportunity to advantage. In 1919 the Peace of Versailles transformed Europe. And at the same time Pope Benedict XV saw all the States sending Ambassadors to surround him. Was France, in the hour of her victory, France around whom so many renascent nations were to gravitate henceforward, was she to persist in refusing to recognize the Sovereign Pontiff? To M. Millerand," declared M. Paleologue in remarkably emphatic language, "who was at that time Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, belongs the credit for having undertaken the decisive negotiations with the Vatican. My own functions as Secretary General at the Quai d'Orsay gave me the privilege of taking part in them."

The moment for revelations had now been reached, and M. Paleologue deliberately heightened the effect. "But what were the feelings of the Holy See likely to be towards the Republic? Two distinguished prelates brought to us from Rome the first favorable indications. One of them was the venerable Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris. The other, Mgr. Baudrillart, sits among you as a member of the Academy. To Cardinal Amette Benedict XV had said: 'If I am offered a finger I will offer my hand. If I am offered a hand I will open my arms.' He was offered a hand, and he did open his arms. Some weeks later," M. Paleologue went on, "another of your colleagues, a master of history, M. Gabriel Hanotaux, who was also my own chief, undertook the happy task

of representing France at the canonization of Jeanne d'Arc. Not only did the Sovereign Pontiff lavish personal attentions upon him. In speaking of the heroic virgin, in whom the highest conscience of France's patriotism is personified, he said: 'We desire that your saintly warrioress should always be represented, henceforward as in the past, clothed in armor and with her standard; we desire that she should enter St. Peter's riding on horseback.'

"Having begun under such auspices," continued M. Paleologue, "the negotiations could not fail to succeed. Nevertheless, they were protracted"—and here once more he inserted a dexterously deferential compliment to the Holy See—"in the first place because the Vatican is never in a hurry: it has centuries to look ahead: and also because certain of the problems that had to be solved, for instance the question of the *associations cultuelles*, raised complicated difficulties from the point of view of canon law. To be quite frank, it must be admitted that in the Sacred College of Cardinals there were a number of prelates who had no wish whatever that Liberal and Democratic France—France, as they said, in which the bad spirit, the spirit of investigation, of subjectivity, is more pernicious and more challenging than in any other country—that this incorrigible France should come back to resume her place beside the Apostolic Throne. So well could they do without her!"

"Finally, after long digressions and through many obstacles, M. Briand took the courageous step of repairing the blunder of 1905 by arranging that France should henceforward have an Ambassador at the court of the Sovereign who exercises an autocratic rule over the most powerful religious organization in the world, over the immense Catholic people, with their three hundred million souls. To undertake a mission of that importance, the name of M. Jonnart suggested itself immediately to our rulers. From his first arrival in Rome, the success of his enterprise was assured, for on the first day he won the sympathy of Benedict XV, just as he was able to gain the immediate confidence of Pius XI a few months later."

The shrewd old diplomat in the leisure of his retirement had lifted just enough of the veil to make it certain that M. Barthou, in his reply,

would have to deal with the same subject. All eyes were turned towards M. Poincaré or to Cardinal Dubois to watch what expression would be shown upon their faces when M. Barthou spoke. M. Barthou took up the eulogy of M. Jonnart where M. Paleologue had left it, emphasizing the versatility and the power of his personality, which could undertake any difficult and responsible public duty. "There were other ways, and still more important," he said, "in which France required to be represented. Both the time and the task were full of difficulty. It was neither without risk nor without danger that we had remained aloof for so long from *the city of all peoples*. At all times and in all places the absent put themselves in the wrong. Charles Jonnart could gauge from the outset what injury the interests of France had suffered from so long an absence, and especially during that war period when others had been unimpeded in pleading their detestable cause. We had to regain in every field the hearing which we had lost. There are times when it is more easy to build anew than to reconstruct. The complexity of the problems which had been left in suspense and were now resumed would have appalled a less alert or less experienced man than Charles Jonnart. Time had not worked in our favor, and all had to be begun over again.

**W**HAT a mistake it had been," M. Barthou went on, with special emphasis and with full consciousness that he was speaking in the presence of M. Poincaré, who as an old "man of the Left" like himself, had been one of the authors of the "mistake" before the war. "What a mistake it had been to ignore a moral power which from end to end of the world issues its orders to three hundred million believers. There is no Government, not one, be it regarded as orthodox or infidel, whose foreign politics, to say nothing of its internal peace, does not have to reckon with it. One must be both short-sighted and short-minded to believe that the influence and the activities of France can do without the propagation of its language and its culture. True, I have learned from Pascal that it is at times 'more easy to find monks than to find reasons.' But what if reason should be on the monk's side? Must we put them in

the wrong, to the injury of those missions which serve the influence of France abroad and afar? Must we leave their places empty and free for rival missions, who will most often be organized by monks of other countries? Fear of words has never been the beginning of wisdom."

B EYOND that point M. Barthou would not venture, even on the privileged platform of the Institut. But this exchange of academic courtesies between the Cabinet

Minister and the most famous of France's retired diplomats gave an opportunity for some of the most illuminating revelations that have yet been made concerning the modern relations between Church and State in France. More than that, it expressed the personal views of the most experienced diplomat in France as to the disastrous consequences of any rupture with the Holy See. At the same time, it committed one of the most dexterous and most cautious members of M. Poincaré's Cabinet

to a very definite pronouncement on the necessity of encouraging the foreign missions, if France's prestige in distant countries is not to go by default. M. Barthou's speech, when one recalls that it was made in the presence of M. Poincaré and also of Cardinal Dubois, is a very fair indication that at any rate the more ambitious professional politicians have no intention of returning to any attitude of hostility towards the Vatican.



## Saints and Animals

### FACTS FOR A PROSAIC GENERATION

By WALKER GUMBLEY, O.P.

**A**NIMALS play a very prominent part in the Lives of the Saints, and for this reason they have, if useful, been placed under the protection or, if harmful, under the ban of some chosen patron saint. But in charity we must add that the only animal apparently without a Heavenly friend is the snake, whose stout enemies are St. Paul, bitten by a viper in Malta, and St. Patrick, who chased all serpents out of Ireland. Another Irish saint, a hermit named Sauman, is invoked against poisonous reptiles, because some time in the seventh century he cured the Duke of Gascony's daughter when bitten by an adder.

Rats and mice, who live in a world of enemies, find saints amongst their friends, particularly Blessed Martin of Porres (+1635), a Dominican Tertiary, who lived in the great convent at Lima. He used to feed the rats and mice at the end of the garden, but forbade them to enter the building; and he was, we are told, obeyed. He used to say that these little creatures would do no harm if they were fed daily as human beings are. Accordingly, though he was their friend, he is invoked against their depredations. Bd. Martin, if he cannot be considered as the best-known animal-lover amongst the saints, deserves to rank as their most practical friend. He made a little hospital for lost dogs and cats, and all sorts of suffering animals till his patients outgrew their accommodation, whereupon he persuaded his

wealthy sister to give them lodging in her house, whither he repaired daily to doctor them. Lest we should receive the impression that the saint spent all his time in such duties, we should remember that Bd. Martin founded hospitals for the poor, and rejoiced to do all the hard and unpleasant work that he could find in the convent in addition to his own fixed labors.

**O**F BL. BERNARD (+1667), a Capuchin lay brother, we read that he had an extraordinary compassion for all animals in pain, and as these were brought to him in great numbers he used to say the *Our Father*, lead them three times round the cross in the churchyard, and then send them away cured. In all this he was a true disciple of his beloved father, St. Francis, the ardent lover of every creature, but if we embarked on stories of his tenderness for animals this essay would have to become a book.

St. Philip Neri is another saint well known for his affection for dumb creatures, especially dogs and cats. His cat at San Girolamo was known to all Rome, and he used to humble the noblest of his disciples by sending them to take her food.

This love of animals for which the saints were noted undoubtedly gave them their astonishing power over the most wild and savage beasts, for their very gentleness filled the

nervous creatures with confidence. The lion, if not the king, certainly the most terrifying of beasts, plays an honorable part in hagiography, which is full of anecdotes concerning him. We find two lions usefully employed in helping St. Anthony to dig a grave for his friend, St. Paul the Hermit; another makes friends with no less a person than a Doctor of the Church, because St. Perome helped him get rid of a nasty thorn. St. Ambasius, an Ethiopian saint, is said in Coptic legends, to have ridden a lion, but this amazing story is put quite in the shade by a legend in the Greek Church, which tells of a lioness who, having refused to devour St. Aphrodisius, a martyr, in Cilicia, stood upon her hind legs in the midst of the arena and preached to the people, converting many. A similar fantastic story is told of a snake who spoke to St. Phocas, who is numbered with St. Paul and St. Patrick as defender against venomous serpents.

**T**HE most thrilling story of a saint and a wild animal is the delightful tale of St. Francis and the wild wolf of Gubbio, so well-known to all readers of the "Little Flowers," but another charming anecdote is told in the corresponding Dominican book, *Lives of the Brethren*, wherein it is related of Bd. Jordan of Saxony that one day, passing through a wood, he called a weasel from its lair in order to admire its beauty. The fierce little beast at once trotted out and allowed the saint to caress it.

and then retired with his blessing. Accordingly in Christian art Bd. Jordan is commonly represented fondling this small but ferocious animal.

The saints in their lifetime formed themselves into a society for the protection of animals from cruelty. Hares flew for refuge to Saints Cuthbert, Anselm, Francis, and Philip; St. Patrick saved a doe and a fawn, whilst both Saints Hubert and Eustace spared the wonderful deer with a cross between its horns. Many saints, too, earned their living in tending sheep and cattle, some of them being amongst the most venerated saints in the calendar. Thus amongst shepherds we have St. Patrick and St. Pius V, both of whom learned to rule the flock of Christ in an early novitiate spent in looking after sheep.

St. Bobo or (in French) St. Beuvon, a nobleman of Provence, who in the eighth century fought valiantly against the Saracens, has the patronage of cattle assigned to him, perhaps by way of a pun, as his name means ox. He is invoked against diseases of cattle, especially the murrain, as rife in the Middle Ages as the foot and mouth plague of our present day. St. Bobo has as helpers in this extensive patronage St. Hermeland, Abbot of Aindre, near Nantes, who died in 720 and is the Breton patron of cows, St. Engelmar, a German hermit (d. 1100), and St. Winthir, an Englishman of the eighth century, who settled at Neuhausen, where he died, and is patron of the parish church. Winthir is also patron saint of mule-drivers, having been one himself.

The horse is protected by St. George, St. Lewis IX of France, St. Eusebius, and St. Eloy (Eligius). Probably the first-named two owe their patronage to the fact that in art they are usually mounted, St. George, in particular, on a particularly mettlesome steed. St. Eusebius, a Roman priest, who died in 371, has a beautiful church dedicated to him, in which horses used to be blessed; and St. Eloy, a most celebrated French saint, who died as Bishop of Noyon in 659, was formerly a goldsmith, and according to an amazing legend, a blacksmith to whom one day a possessed horse was brought to be shod. Finding no other way possible, Eloy cut off its leg, shod the severed member, and then miraculously replaced it. We read of St.

Mordeyrn, a Welshman, that he was called the Sovereign of the Sea, because he rode over to Bardsey Island without his horse's hoofs being wetted.

The care of pigs is assigned to St. Anthony the Great, St. Wendelin, a hermit of the sixth century, also patron of shepherds, St. Oda (died about 720), aunt of St. Hubert. Her nephew, St. Hubert, is the well-known patron of deer, and also protector against dog-bite, in which protection he is associated with St. Edren of Pembroke, father of St. Mordeyrn, the friend of horses mentioned above. The grass in his churchyard was formerly applied to those suffering from hydrophobia. St. Walburga, too, is patron against this calamity. Dogs, however, as is only to be expected, are the common companions of saints, notably of Saints Philip and Roch. The latter perhaps the most renowned patron in all sickness, is always depicted with the faithful dog that licked his wounds when he was shunned and an outcast. A sheep-dog guarded the body of the martyr, St. Dulas, which had been thrown into a ditch.

**D**ONKEYS do not seem to have a regular patron, but St. Anthony the Great is patron against the depredations of animals, because one day, finding some wild asses in his little garden eating his corn and vegetables, he gently took hold of one of the beautiful creatures and said: "Why do you eat what you have not sown, and why do you injure one who never did you any harm? Go in the name of God and return no more." From that time they troubled his garden no more. That most celebrated Bishop, St. Germanus of Auxerre, surely deserves to rank as the patron of the donkey, seeing that he so preferred his own humble beast to the splendid horse offered him by the Empress Placida, that, though it was in a dying condition, he raised it again to

perfect health. Of St. Francis de Paula, founder of the Order of Minims, we are told an equally extraordinary story. A smith had shod his ass, but finding the saint had no money wherewith to pay him he took it so ill that he cursed and swore, whereupon Francis ordered his donkey to cast off the shoes, which the animal accordingly did.

The winged creation, too, has its patrons and friends amongst the saints, notably St. Francis of Assisi, who preached to his beloved birds. St. Agriculus, Bishop of Avignon, in the seventh century, is the patron of storks, but Aaron, reckoned a saint amongst the schismatic Copts, was apparently a lover of birds in another sense, seeing that, according to his legend, he, when he was ill, caused some roasted pigeons to fly into his mouth.

Saints Ambros and Bernard are patrons of bee-keepers, the former because a swarm of bees settled on his mouth when he was a babe in the cradle, and the latter because of his "honeyed" words, which gained him the title of Mellifluous or Honeyed Doctor. Against the ravages of locusts St. Gregory, Cardinal Bishop of Ostra (d. 1257), and St. Robert Cistercian abbot of Mataplan in Spain (d. 1185), are invoked as protectors, whilst Saint Tryphon, Martyr, a goosherd, beheaded under the Emperor Decius, A. D. 251, is invoked against poisonous insects.

Of saints and fishes stories abound, a frequent one being the case of a saint, such as Peter Gonzalez (+1246), requiring food for others and commanding the fish to come and be caught.

Stories such as those we have enumerated, though they may seem to a more prosaic generation wildly incredible, do however show a belief in the love of the saints for dumb animals, faith in their power over them, and lastly the great truth that animals are made for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind.

## Crucifix

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

**M**AIN mast of my ship,  
And His arms are the wings of sail;  
What fear of the trip  
With the God that controls the gale?

# Four Flights Up

"LITTLE" BUT "HUMANLY INTERESTING"

By GEORGE HENRY WALDRON

**Q**OT a soul was in sight. But the silvery notes that filled the street were worthy an audience big enough to have jammed the block.

So pure and vibrant the tone, so exultant the air, the music seemed unworldly. Youth, joy, sweetness, were in the uplifting melody. You had to stop.

Fred Quinlan, a Canadian in New York for the first time; Joe Brady, seeking material in this section for a Sunday newspaper story, and I, stood a moment at the corner. Then we turned westward.

Of a sudden, as we neared the lights of a business place, the singing ceased and there came a studio announcement.

"Knew it was that," said Quinlan.

"Oh, so you have radios up your way, too?"

"Well, we're not as dead as this, anyway," was the rejoinder to Brady. "There's nowhere in my town where you wouldn't find more doing at this hour. Anyone would think . . ."

The criticism remained unfinished. There was life here, after all.

On the high, old-fashioned steps of a boarding house opposite an automobile accessories store and set back a bit from the sidewalk, unobservable from our former position on the corner, was a small gathering.

The movement of the persons on the steps now was directed indoors. Simultaneously there came the sound of the closing of two windows in the neighborhood by listeners who had sat back of them.

Evidently whatever was next to be broadcast lacked the power of the boy singer—we had agreed on the vocalist's classification—to hold interest.

It was through a grating that looked like a ventilator beneath the show window of the auto supplies store, we found, that the air program was coming. That the service to the public drew attention to the proprietor's radio line took nothing from the entertainment.

"Wish there was more of that singing." It was Quinlan who spoke as we moved along. "Like

to hear boys' voices—when they're good."

"So do I," said Brady. "There's a new one in the sanctuary choir down at St. Mary's you'd like. I'd as soon hear him, I think, as this lad to-night."

"I was saying as we came along there a while ago, you remember, that this town holds many a little story more humanly interesting than a lot that are printed. The singing reminds me of one."

Over cups of hot coffee and some lunch as we sat in a restaurant a little later, Brady finished telling Quinlan and me the story of Johnny Devlin, sanctuary boy at St. Mary's.

If the tale was an example of what he had meant by calling "little" but "humanly interesting," stories of which he said the metropolis held many, his description fitted.

It was so little in its way that your professional writer would say it was no story at all. But that's because he deals only in things extraordinary. Want and suffering and broken lives do not come under that head. At least they are no strangers to those with eyes to see and hearts set on healing.

Men of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of whom Brady told us that night, could give proof of this were it not for their custom of self effacement and the charity of silence on cases helped.

It was one of the visitors of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Michael Hanrahan, who found Johnny Devlin, incidental to a trip three flights up in a tenement where death had entered.

The family of John Minter, afflicted in the loss of a three-year-old boy hit by an automobile, was unfortunate also, Hanrahan had learned, in that its members were of the "ought-to-be-Catholics" class. But we are not dealing with the Minters, so it is enough to say that due to the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, as Brady told us, sorrow was assuaged by religious consolation and God again ruled hearts chastened by grief.

The Devlin boy entered the picture when the St. Vincent de Paul worker stepped out into the hall from the room in the Minter home where rested a little gray casket. Stopping as he closed the door, he stood to listen to as sweet a voice, according to Brady, as he had ever heard.

The notes of a lilting popular air, or as much of it as a youthful memory could recall, came floating down from the floor above. The singing was stopped by a scolding voice.

"Sh! Don't make so much noise. Shouting the livelong day. And with that little Minter boy dead downstairs, too."

Drawn by the voice of the singer and with sympathy stirred by the command that had stilled it, to the fourth floor went Hanrahan. He found a ten-year-old boy, most of whose day was spent indoors caring for a sick brother four years his senior, while the mother was out working.

A woman in a neighboring flat looked in on them several times a day and there was comfort in her nearness even if adversity had not softened her temper.

The apartment of the Devlins, as described by Brady, could have been lifted just as it stood and placed upon the stage as background for some dramatic telling of the lives of "the other half." That its occupants possessed a certain natural refinement made their lot no easier.

**S**ENSITIVE to a degree was Johnny. He felt himself out of it with the other kids in the block. They made him feel, perhaps unintentionally, that he didn't belong. He would gladly have mixed it up with them to the best of his ability had invitation been offered during time of play, an element of which there was little in his life.

"Poor kid," I ventured, when Brady had got this far. "He ought to brace up to that bunch, get in the game and stay there. What he needs is a little more gumption and . . ."

"What he needs, most likely," broke in Quinlan, "is a little more of this," as he tapped his plate with

knife and fork, indicating food. "Probably they all do. Maybe a little more supper, too, wouldn't hurt. Why doesn't that St. Vincent de Paul worker see about . . . ?"

"Why don't you fellows keep still and let me finish," objected Brady. "They are not there any more. The St. Vincent de Paul worker did get busy. He went to Father Lawlor, parish priest, and told him about the Devlins."

"A mission was going on there at the time and one of the three priests giving it, Father Kelsey, who was brought up in that very neighborhood, was talking to Father Lawlor when Hanrahan came in and became interested."

"It was a good thing he was there. Not that Father Lawler wouldn't have looked after the Devlins anyway, but Father Kelsey, with a wide acquaintance in New York and a knowledge of just who to turn to in a case like that, did wonders."

"We'll say he did wonders," agreed Quinlan and I when Brady had finished.

It would take too long to give in detail the working out of the transformation experienced by the Devlins. But when the change had been effected through the influence of Father Kelsey and the aid of a wealthy friend of the priest, sunshine had succeeded shadow in their lives.

**W**HAT there was a difference in their surroundings, past and present, it didn't need the word picture of a Joe Brady to make clear.

The widowed mother, deft with the needle, soon found coming her way work that not only kept her at home but brought in money enough to meet family requirements. In such ways do good fairies—and Father Kelsey's and St. Vincent de Paul Society workers—perform their miracles.

Hospital care was restoring to health the brother who had been Johnny's care, we learned. Just as Quinlan and I were about to ask what of the little singer himself, how fared the lad who in sombre atmosphere could so lift his voice in song that its sweetness filled a tenement flat four flights up and went beyond, Brady enlightened us.

It was at this point, in fact, that Joe "let himself out." He told us joyfully of what happened when the boy had a chance to expand his lungs without being told to "Sh!" His face glowed as he described how

Johnny, given a place in the sanctuary choir of St. Mary's, his new parish, had so impressed its organist and director that he had been brought by him—as one would hold up a newly found diamond—to the attention of one of the best voice culturists in the metropolis.

Quinlan and I were getting from Brady just what this authority thought about the voice of the altar boy when a glance at a timepiece made us cut Joe short on his adjectives. As the three of us arose from the table, however, Quinlan and I promised to be in St. Mary's at the 11 o'clock Mass the next Sunday to hear "Joe's prodigy," as he was designated. It was a promise never kept. Quinlan went back home in the meantime and I forgot.

But on a night just a week from the time of this conversation, a 'phone call brought me to a section of the city that from the description heard I recognized as the exact spot where the Devlins had lived.

"I knew you had nothing to do tonight and wouldn't mind coming," was Joe's greeting as he met me in front of the drug store in the block adjoining the tenement.

He led me in. Six or eight boys, with a number of adults, stood about, apparently in expectant attitude, in the rear of the store.

"Those are some of the chaps," explained Brady, "who used to make life miserable for Johnny Devlin—had no use for him, at least so he thought. Know what they're here for? Listen."

Almost as he uttered the words, a loud speaker that previously had escaped my attention on the counter near them brought the announcement that "John Devlin, boy soloist," would sing Schubert's "Ave Maria."

"You know I got the notion," said Joe before the singing began, "that you fellows thought I was coloring things up that night, just to prove my point about the little stories that are lying around. Well, I wanted to show you. You were genuinely interested, though, I remembered, in that part about these youngsters who used to freeze him out. When I saw them in here tonight—glad business brought me over here—I decided to have you in on it.

"Wish Johnny could see them himself. Look at them. Isn't it the world? Worship of the great God Success. These are the junior candidates for the "I Knew Him When"

Club that one of our American humorists tells about. It seems . . ."

The clear notes of a boy gifted of God, whose singing of the beautiful hymn to the Blessed Virgin was like some moving prayer, compelled attention and talking ceased.

"Say," I exclaimed, "he sounds almost like . . ."

"He's the same," interrupted Brady. "It was he we heard on the air that night as we came along the street. That's what reminded me of the story I told you. It was his first night on the radio. I knew of his test and how he had stood it. He's to be a regular feature at that big studio."

"The more I thought about it that night, the more strongly I determined not to tell you of his radio singing until later—of springing it on you some time soon, in case you hadn't read of it in the meantime."

"Sort of dramatic climax. Was that it?"

"Somewhat."

Another announcement was coming.

By request, John Devlin was to sing, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

**H**E hymn was profoundly stirring. Perhaps it appealed to us the more deeply because we knew of the little singer's story.

"Holy, Holy, Holy God . . ."

The last notes lingered—and died away. Reluctantly, we turned to go.

"I have just one hope," said Brady as we stepped to the cigar stand to buy some smokes as a gesture of appreciation for the entertainment privileges of the store.

"What's your hope?"

"My hope is, that wherever Father Kelsey is giving a mission tonight he may have been in the rectory of the church long enough for someone to have turned on the radio, if they have one, at the right time and place on the dial—and that he listened in."

Our imagination so magnifies this present existence, by the power of continual reflection on it, and so attenuates eternity, by not thinking of it at all, that we reduce an eternity to nothingness and expand a mere nothing to an eternity; and this habit is so inveterately rooted in us that all the force of reason cannot induce us to lay it aside.—PASCAL.

# At the Cross-Roads

## THE TEACHER AND THE CROWD

By F. J. SHEED

THE Catholic Evidence Guild began its career by being widely blamed for its novelty. Now that its success in the world has made blame unfashionable it is praised for its originality. When laymen first went out to teach Catholicism in the London parks, there were not wanting Catholics who grieved that the Church should be imitating the new sects. Now that the Guild is a thing established, questioned by no one, its members are a little embarrassed to find themselves saluted as pioneers blazing a new trail.

In hard fact, the open-air teaching of the Faith by laymen is a very old idea—older in the Church than any other. The Evidence Guildmen look for their methods, not to the new sects, but to the first Franciscans, laymen, all; and it is rather late to blaze a trail on which the seventy-two disciples set foot two thousand years ago.

This explanation—designed alike to refute the charge of novelty and to disclaim the praise for originality—always seems necessary when one begins to explain the Guild to those who know little or nothing of its working, and there are other odd ideas that I hope to dispel in the course of these articles. Such ideas as that the speakers are all people who have tried to be priests and failed; that the Guild is a sort of Catholic Salvation Army; that it is really a half-baked Religious Order. These erroneous notions are held by a sufficient number of Catholics to be an annoyance to the men and women who are doing the very plain, prosaic, matter-of-fact work of teaching Catholicism on the street-corner.

The Catholic Evidence Guild may in fact be defined as a society of lay folk—men and women—who teach the Catholic religion out of doors, in parks and at street corners. They are under ecclesiastical supervision, being tested by priests and licensed to speak by their bishops. In most dioceses they are known as "Diocesan Catechists." The Director of Studies is appointed in each center by the bishop, as are also the examining

chaplains. The priests thus chosen usually speak out of doors themselves and hence are able to train the laity from an actual experience of the needs of the work. Where this is not possible, experienced lay speakers train the beginners, but the *testing for doctrine* remains in the hands of the clergy.

The Guild began in London—in the Diocese of Westminster—towards the end of 1918; or, rather, it might be true to say that in that year the

THIS is the first of two articles describing the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild as carried out in various English cities. The author, Mr. F. J. Sheed, of the publishing company, Sheed and Ward, was Master of the Guild in Westminster from 1922-24 and from 1927-28. He is also the Founder of the Guild in Sidney, Australia. In publishing these articles our purpose is to show what laymen in England particularly are doing for the Faith with such eminent success and in the hope that their example will prove an inspiration for a like lay activity in the United States. Comments from our readers on these articles will be readily acceptable.—Editor.

first organized effort began, for individuals had done heroic work of the same sort before the War. It is worth recording that the founder was a New Zealander; and the first half-dozen speakers were a mixture of Irish and English, converts and born Catholics.

For long enough the first half-dozen speakers looked like being the last; and the early career of the Guild was, on the whole, rather more chequered than that of the average Catholic society. But at the end of a couple of years, the new infant began to look as though it might live after all. Other cities of England began to do

the same kind of work; the Continent and America showed some interest; the Pope himself distinguished the Guild by the strongest marks of his approval.

By now, there are Guilds in some thirty English cities: in the Westminster Guild alone there are over one hundred and twenty lay speakers, holding some forty meetings a week, including the great Hyde Park meeting, which on Sunday runs for about ten hours. There are two flourishing Guilds in Holland; and in Sydney, Australia, the Guild holds meetings at Newton Bridge on Saturday evenings, and the Domain on Sunday afternoons. Three American ecclesiastical students from the American College, Louvain, have spent most of their summer vacation on London platforms, and have had a lecture on the movement in the college. They will soon be heard of at home.

The speakers everywhere are of the widest variety of type; educated and uneducated, and all the grades between; clever and not so clever—and not clever at all; simply a collection of ordinary Catholics, doing their ordinary work and living their ordinary lives, giving their spare time to the work. The vast majority had never made a speech in their lives. But, trained by the Guild, carefully tested by priests on each separate doctrine or institution of the Church, they manage, with varying degrees of excellence, to do something towards teaching the Faith to outsiders.

No one, I imagine, reading what has so far been written, can think of this as an ideal method of spreading the Faith: certainly no Guildsman thinks so. But it is something more than an ideal way—it is the only way.

NON-CATHOLICS may not be powerfully affected by the teaching of a Catholic layman, but there is nothing else that can affect them at all. In fact, results are, as will be shown later on, greater than one might expect: converts are surprisingly many; lapsed Catholics are brought back to the practice of the Faith; as old lies are slaughtered, hostility gives place to friendliness. But if the results were less than they are, the work

would still have to continue: for our duty of teaching Catholicism to the non-Catholic is not to be evaded; and no other way is even suggested.

**I** REMEMBER a man who, being asked to compare indoor lecturing with speaking on the Guild platform, said that it was like trying to compare cocoa with beer. If I personally have never felt the platform as heady as beer, I have generally found it far more entertaining than skittles. Think for an instant of the glorious uncertainty of it! You can never be sure in advance what the weather will be like, or the crowd; hecklers vary enormously and questions still more; you may do reasonably well or only moderately, or you may fail deplorably. In fact, in all the riotous variety of uncertain possibilities that throng a Guildsman's life, the only thing certain is the criticism that will be launched at you by the speaker in charge—and there's little enough consolation in that.

The actual site of the meeting does not allow for many surprises. In Hyde Park, London, there are some eight or ten meetings, not more than ten yards apart, frequently barely five; so that one speaker may easily be addressing another's crowd; and on the outskirts of these there are smaller assemblies arguing, singing, praying, playing cornets, testifying. So that the Sydney Domain, where one speaks in luxurious isolation, with the nearest meeting some fifty or sixty yards away, is the kind of thing that a Guildsman normally expects only in Heaven.

Street corners may be anything. Sometimes it's a case of trolleys meeting there. Frequently one is just outside a hotel, which at closing time breathes out its occupants in the right frame of mind for much argument. Frequently, again, if after weeks of talking to the empty air, we build up a solid crowd, we are asked to move because someone is sick in a neighboring house. We know it's a lie—that he's only sick of us—but what can we do? There is just one chance in a million that it might be real illness—and we move. Once, I remember, we held our meeting outside a pawnbroker's shop, and he complained that we were ruining his business, for which a certain amount of privacy is essential, it seems.

Even platforms are not as straightforward a problem as they look.

Some carry you and some let you down (an excellent method of drawing a crowd, by the way, but expensive); some you can carry under your arm, some demand the services of six men; some you unfold, some you piece together, most demand an endless supply of bits of string. Or again, it may not be a platform at all, but a chair from a nearby priest's house, or a soap box, or a butter box, or an orange box (particularly good as a crowd gatherer, as suggested above). Sometimes it's the plain ground, which brings you into terms of extraordinary intimacy with such members of your audience as happen to be drunk. Twice it has been a brewer's dray, once a beer-barrel, and once—to restore the balance—a water trough, on which I delivered a very dull speech while the crowd waited very patiently, apparently on the sporting chance that I might fall in; but I am no sport.

If it has to be a box, you search the neighborhood till you find a fruiterer with a Catholic name, and then explain that you want an orange box for a Catholic meeting, which sounds like a contradiction in terms—or an effort at reunion, which is perhaps the same thing. If all the fruiterers have the wrong kind of name, you simply send the thinnest speaker to hire a box for sixpence.

**G**HIS is only preliminary. It is the crowd that matters. And the crowd's behavior no man can foretell. It may listen quietly, or it may be brightly abusive, or it may howl you down, or it may, though it seldom does, push the platform over. One worse thing it may do—it may stay away. I have a most distressful memory of talking for over an hour to an audience that was never more than three—and one of them in a baby carriage; of heart-breaking efforts in side streets, when even the street-cleaners moved away and every passerby thought one a fool—and one was disposed to agree; of one particularly dreadful lunch hour when the speaker dragged on hopelessly to an empty street until a small child came, gazed in wonder, and then asked, "Oo are yer talkin' to, Mister?"—which ended the meeting.

But these periods of desolation are rare, and normally it is by its presence that the crowd makes itself felt. Although crowds vary immensely from place to place, and even from week to week, there are certain ele-

ments common to practically all of them.

Then there is that worst of all plagues, the over-enthusiastic Catholic, who suddenly feels that he—or, horribly often, she—can stand it no longer, and makes an attack, with words, or hands, or feet, on some perfectly inoffensive Protestant who, with the best intentions in the world, is uttering a little blasphemy. Again, there is the heckler, sometimes paid, sometimes perfectly sincere, who contributes to the meetings a brightness which otherwise they might lack. And, occasionally, among the ranks of the hecklers is one who really knows his Bible thoroughly—though this is seldom the case.

And again there is the atheist or agnostic, who usually smiles superciliously at what he calls the cut-throat competition among the various Christian bodies, and asks why they don't take an example of charity from himself; but who is apt occasionally to lose his temper and attack more virulently than anyone else.

In what has been said so far, an impression may be conveyed that the Guild work is a kind of very amusing side show and no more. In fact, I have simply stressed one side of the work, in order to remove the contrary impression that it is dull and unattractive. It is, in fact, crammed with the most varied human interest; there is no better way of studying human nature, both in its normal state, and in certain more unusual and interesting manifestations, for in a guild crowd human nature is seen very much as it is, in its reaction to the most intimate concern of mankind.

**A**LL this—the fascination of the work and the immediate return that a speaker gets in the way of a clearer understanding of his fellow men—is true; but it is not for this that Catholics are urged to undertake the work. The types I have mentioned form only a tiny proportion of any crowd: the great mass is not at all interesting—quiet, stolid people, who say nothing, give no sign of interest—simply listen impartially to all that is said for and against the Church, and in their own minds come to a conclusion. And it is for these people that we come, the others being simply sent by Providence to render interesting a work which might otherwise be dull with the dullness that is so often the vestment of duty.

I now propose to show some of the points that differentiate the work of the Guild from the work of other beaters of the air. For even among Catholics — apart from the small minority who have actually attended a meeting — there is no very clear understanding of what actually takes place. Sometimes it is not so much an honest mistake as an uneasy conscience which prompts able-bodied Catholics, who might very well be helping in the work, to describe Guildsmen as "soap-box orators," a careless phrase, since we are neither orators nor "tub-thumpers."

**A**S IT is vital that our work should be clearly understood, a word on the subject must be pardoned. In the first place, we are not preachers: which may comfort those Catholics who at one time or another have heard laymen of other denominations preaching in the open air, and have not been edified. In fact, that particular pastime is fenced off from the ordinary Catholic, both by his sense of humor, and by an instinctive reticence which would make such a promiscuous sharing of his spiritual confidences altogether impossible.

But the Guild speakers do not preach: do not paint pictures of the wrath to come, so luridly that the less stable members of the audience are moved to cry out that they are miserable sinners: nor do they tearfully remind their hearers of the prayers they used to say as little children. In any case, this kind of spiritual assault and battery would be bad policy, since most of the crowd either never said any prayers as children, or else only remember enough of them to be faintly amused.

But if we are not preachers with a sob in the throat, equally we are not controversialists out for a row. Frequently enough, the non-Catholic regards the Guild's coming out into the open as an act of aggression, and girds up his loins for battle. But there is no battle. Occasionally, one must admit, the speaker strays from the path, is carried away by the excitement of the moment, loses his charity. An Irishman, giving his impressions of one meeting, remarked that "there was a little black-headed fellow on the platform and he was murdering them entirely." The display was probably great fun for the onlookers, but it was altogether aside from the Guild spirit. As a matter of fact, one sometimes feels that

some of the more hot-headed Catholics in the crowd would like a little more heat and fury. Just occasionally stern measures are needed with an individual questioner—but it must always be remembered that if fighting must be done it should be done by people who are not fighters by nature.

It may be asked, then, if we are neither controversialists nor preachers, what are we? And the answer is, in one word, that we are teachers. Eloquence is no more necessary in the work of teaching Catholicism than in the work of teaching algebra; emotionalism is as out of place in the one as in the other; and the work of teaching Catholic doctrine to non-Catholics is a perfectly calm and matter-of-fact work, which need offend the dignity of no Catholic.

And here a word may be said about a very common criticism. Good friends of the movement, visiting a meeting for the first time, frequently approach the lecturer afterwards, and in a voice of deep concern very gently break it to him that they have made a most calamitous discovery, which they think he ought to know—namely, that quite half the people present are Catholics, and that the rest are not really sincere enquirers at all. It may save all those who in the future might be embarrassed to feel that they must make a similar communication to know that we have no delusions in the matter. We have not been going on all through the years in the idea that we were speaking to crowds composed entirely of earnest enquirers.

The motives that bring non-Catholics to a Guild meeting are various and not often serious. But we do not care a jot why they come, provided they do come. For if they listen, with whatever motive, they will learn, and if they learn we are satisfied. It would be a poor doctor who begrudged his patient the jelly or the pill.

To return to the principal point: Once it is fully realized that the work of the Guild is teaching work, all the rest follows, simply enough. Thus, it is obvious that one has to study the crowd carefully to find out exactly what they can take, which in turn involves two things.

Firstly we must give up lines of arguments which have become almost traditional in the text books, if we find that in hard fact the crowd are not affected. Thus one argument—

and undoubtedly a strong argument—in favor of confession, is the need that men feel to relieve their mind of some of the burden of sin by telling their secret to another. But apparently neither English nor American crowds feel this need, and the argument based on it provokes derisive smiles. There is no time to multiply examples of this cardinal principle of platform work, but it must be repeated that there can be no real success without the most careful study of the crowd's reaction to every argument used.

Secondly—and this is far more important—there is the need for an almost incredible simplicity of thought and speech. I remember once listening to a speaker who explained to a crowd that "God is pure act"—which is perfectly true, but hopelessly over the heads of the vast majority. Fortunately, he did no harm, as the crowd went away and left him. But if this is an extreme instance, it is still true that one is years on the platform before one realizes what a degree of simplicity is needed.

Thus we may perhaps—though by no means always—assume that the audience will know who Christ was, but any mention of the apostle must be carefully explained, and more difficult words—like *absolution*, *contrition*, *the Assumption*—must never be used at all. A great many, oddly enough, have heard of the Immaculate Conception—but most of them confuse it with the Virgin Birth. Whole hosts of questioners have been found who perform the quaint acrobatic feat of denying both the Immaculate Conception and original sin; while for most of them, again, the phrase *original sin* means a new sort of sin, and as such arouses a degree of interest which disappears completely when we explain the real meaning.

A typical instance of a non-Catholic crowd's complete lack of familiarity with religious ideas was the man who asked plaintively—"Why did God send His only forgotten Son?"—and, no one laughed, save the speaker, who was polite enough to keep his laughter to himself.

**I**N THIS work of explanation, the speaker must obtrude his own personality as little as possible. We are not there to "testify," to discuss our own religious experiences, to make public confession of the sin we used to commit, and the virtues

that now shine so brightly in us. We are, for the moment, not ourselves, but mouthpieces of the Church, and from our very insignificance, the truth of Catholicism stands out more clearly.

**I**T MAY be asked how the ordinary layman is equipped to give this simple yet clear teaching, and the answer lies in the Training System evolved by the Guild. This system may be studied in detail in "Catholic Evidence Training Outlines," but the general theory can be described in a few sentences.\*

Firstly, the Training of a Guild speaker proceeds from the known to the unknown. It used to be said at the beginning of the movement that a thorough knowledge of Apologetics, beginning from the Existence of God, the nature of the soul, etc., must be possessed by a speaker *before* he could become a speaker! This idea was soon found to be unworkable.

Many a man can lecture thoroughly well on the Marks of the Church or Images who could *never* speak on the Existence of God. Many another can begin with these simpler subjects and later on, with developed powers of speech and understanding, comes on to handle harder matters. Today, practically every Guildsman begins with a course on "The Church," and only approaches philosophy after several years of work on the simpler subjects.

This procedure has one obvious difficulty: the questions of the crowd will always range widely and they will want answers which he cannot give on fundamental points. This difficulty is met by confining beginners to the one or two subjects in which they have passed tests: they may only take questions *on the subject of their lecture*. But a qualified chairman must be present at every meeting. This chairman has passed a test licensing him to take general questions, which he does at his discretion, being also empowered to take down a junior speaker from the platform at any time if he is upsetting the crowd, or not treating his subject adequately.

The second point of chief importance in Guild Training is that it must proceed always in closest touch with

\*"Catholic Evidence Training Outlines" is a splendid book for all interested in studying the methods of the Guild's work. Copies may be had through THE SIGN. Price \$1.50.

the street corner. Besides going through a course of doctrine, the beginner is frequently lectured to on "How to handle a crowd," "How to take questions," etc. Moreover, before he is allowed out of doors he delivers his first lecture repeatedly before a class who represent a crowd and "heckle" him unmercifully.

When he has satisfied the trainer on his power to handle this unruly mob, he has to satisfy two priests and a senior speaker called "The Devil's Advocate" of his doctrinal fitness and he is then licensed to speak on *that one subject*. Each subject in turn has to be passed until a General License is acquired, and this takes a *minimum* of six years work. Many quite useful speakers never gain a General License. Even a chairman, who is licensed to take general *questions* (3 to 5 years is the average

time for gaining a Chairman's License) has still to take tests for each of the subjects he *lectures* on.

It is the experience of those who train that men and women of very slight education can become first rate speakers. Guild speaking is not, however, a natural gift: it is almost entirely a matter of character. Any one with grit, determination, power of perseverance succeeds at this work: those who lack these qualities, even if they be brilliant speakers, fail.

For, let it be said again, the work of the Guild is *teaching* and for this we need knowledge, clarity, simplicity but not eloquence. Those who have taught children understand this and can often transfer their experience. But even those who have never taught at all learn in their Guild Training how best to set about it.

(To be continued.)

## The Thought of Heaven

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

LIKE a fountain crystal-clear  
In the parched spirit springing,  
Like a radiant golden bird  
In life's twilight hedgerows singing,  
Lives the thought that on a day  
For us planned by Christ's sweet grace  
In His realm of Light unending  
We may look upon His Face.

None of all Eve's children here,  
Howsoever fate-defying,  
But upon his road shall fall  
Shades of hope defeated dying;  
None of all the sons of men  
Howsoever fenced about  
From the hounds of Care pursuing  
But that one shall find him out.

Yet 'gainst all discouragements,  
Flower of all His wondrous Seven  
Gifts, the Spirit to us gives  
That most singing thought of Heaven.  
Armed with it as we go  
Down life's all-uncharted road,  
Sweet shall be our pilgrim-faring,  
Light the pressure of earth's load.

# Gaeta on the Sea

## AND ITS MEMORIES OF ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS

### III. THE RIVEN MOUNTAIN

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

**G**HERE is one sanctuary at Gaeta which is in a special way appropriate to the affections and aspirations of St. Paul of the Cross and which must have been particularly dear to him. In the midst of so many recollections of the ancient city—literary, historic, artistic, military—this one is purely religious; and Ferraro, the modern exponent of her glories, "prays God to preserve, insomuch as they are the most signal monuments of her medieval fullness of life, the soaring tower of the Cathedral, the sculptured stand for the Paschal Candle, and the sanctuary of the Most Holy Crucifix."

We thus find that this sacred spot, so rich in the remembrance of many saints, is one of the most genuinely antique and venerated of its numerous points of interest. We will say briefly to indicate its location, that as you approach the walled town from the railroad station, just before you come to the outer gates of Gaeta, you are on the isthmus (smoothed out chiefly by the efforts of the Austrians during their occupation of the stronghold in the first quarter of the eighteenth century),

which goes by the local name of "Montesecco." This lies at the foot of Monte Orlando, and here the roads diverge, the left entering the city, the right continuing to skirt the fortified heights of Monte Orlando, on the fringe of its woods, and leading the visitor past ramparts, sentinels, powder-magazines, gun-platforms and the whole war-like setting forth of preparations for defence, to the extreme headland, known as the Point of Serapis, overlooking a marvelous expanse of rippling, azure sea.

**I**T is here that, in the ancient days, was a Benedictine monastery. How far back it goes is not clearly stated, but documents of the eleventh century mention donations to the "church of the Most Holy Trinity," and that was the monastery church, probably ages old already. Now the place where the Benedictines made their foundation was then, and is still, called, Montagna Spaccata, the Riven Mountain (in all probability the abbey was erected in the seventh century); and the cause of this particular name is that at the

point just beyond the buildings, the sheer cliffs, perpendicular to the sea, are split in three distinct places, the rift, beginning at their crown one hundred and forty feet above the water-line, continuing to their base, one hundred and more feet being in the sea. The constant and persisting legend regarding these awe-inspiring fissures is that they were produced at the moment of the death of Our Lord upon the Cross, when, at the other end of the Mediterranean Sea, and almost at this latitude, Jerusalem was shaken by the earthquake which opened the tombs and rent the rocks. At Mount Alvernia in Tuscany, a similar legend exists; the tumbled disordered, and cloven gigantic stones, having perplexed St. Francis when he came to abide there, it was revealed to him in prayer that the convulsion had occurred at the moment of the Death of Christ.



GENERAL VIEW OF RIVEN MOUNTAIN FROM THE SEA. NOTE THE THREE FISSURES AND THE CHAPEL OF THE CRUCIFIX IN THE CENTRAL ONE



LEFT, THE CRUCIFIX IN THE CHAPEL BETWEEN THE ROCKS OF RIVEN MOUNTAIN. RIGHT, IMPRESSION IN THE ROCK CALLED "HAND OF THE TURK," WITH INSCRIPTION EXPLAINING IT

Writers have observed, concerning the Montagna Spaccata, that while it is not mentioned by earlier authors, Pliny, who died in A. D. 79, speaks of it as a "miraculous phenomenon" (in the sense of a novel and marvelous thing). And, curiously, one of the most earnest defenders of the tradition is an Englishman, who was not even a Catholic. He made a special and accurate study of the rocks at Gaeta and thus speaks of them in his work on the "Christian Religion."

"... I am beginning to be a Christian. . . . I am well acquainted with mathematics, physics and geology. . . . I know the necessary and unvarying laws which govern these sciences: in the rending of this rock the natural, physical, geological laws are all set at naught. The cleaving of it is not due to an ordinary earthquake, which would have separated the various strata, following the veins which differentiate them, and breaking their cohesion at the weakest points. These things occur in the

case of rocks that are parted by common earthquakes. This is wholly different. The mass is split diagonally, and they are not the weakest points which have yielded: the greatest violence has been exercised at those points which are most living and consistent."

**H**IS testimony is one of the most valuable that have been offered, though it is directed chiefly to the critical. For the saints it was enough that a remembrance of the Passion and Death of the Son of God was presented to them. They adored the power of God, and had no doubt. And because of this particular legend of the Riven Mountain, from time immemorial a little oratory containing a frescoed representation of Christ Crucified had been treasured at the spot. This was the powerful magnet which drew people from near and far to venerate, on the high cliffs of Monte Orlando, the sacred mystery of our redemption, and to prostrate themselves

there before the devout image of Him Who is God and Man. In ancient days they would say they were going "to the church, or to the monastery, of the Most Blessed Trinity"; and they went, and many indulgences were to be gained in the church itself. But the more potent attraction, the object that really drew them, was the diminutive chapel dedicated to the Christ Who hung bleeding on the Cross. There is still a special Mass said at the altar of the "Santissimo Crocifisso" every Friday morning, a devotion that draws worshippers from the upper city, from the port, and from all the hills roundabout; and these faithful, lowly folk come in the dust, by the long, rough roads, on foot. How shall not Paul Daneo, head uncovered and feet bare for his remembrance of Christ Crucified, not have come the two miles from S. Maria della Catena, to join in the solemn commemoration of the Death of his Lord? . . . And who knows but that at the shrine of Riven

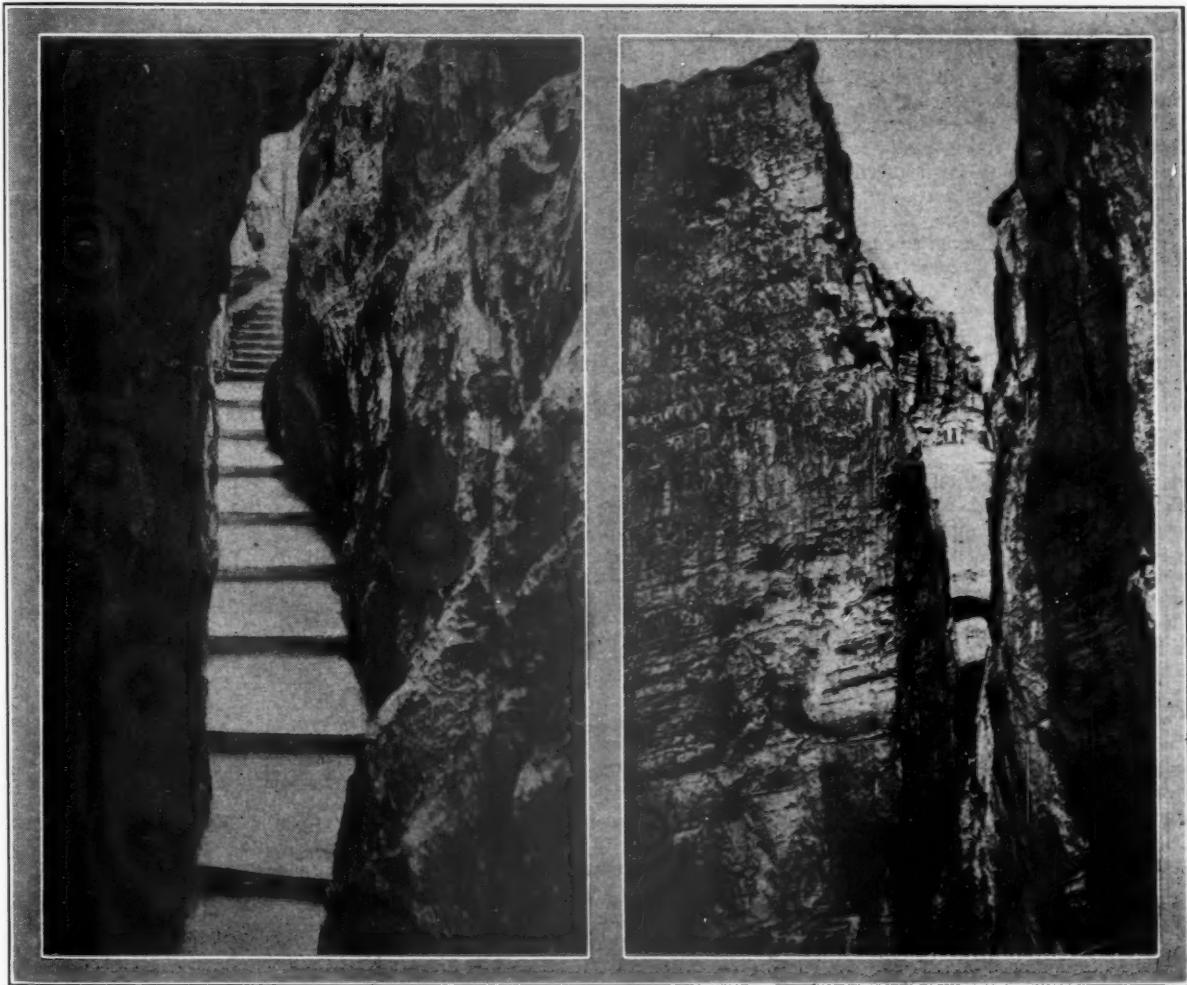
Mountain, more flame was added to the fire kindled already, more light added to the clear torch shining, and that here, more complete and fully formed, emerged the plan in process of formation by which the little company, which was to have been styled "The Poor of Jesus," raised its burning oriflame of the Passion.

**S**T. TRAMBI recalls a vision St. Paul had at this spot. He was praying in the chapel of the Crucifix when he saw coming toward him an angel bearing a Cross of pure gold; but no word of comfort was spoken to him, only a prediction of multiple trials, of dereliction and abandonment; he heard a secret voice saying to him: "I will make of thee another Job."

The annals of the shrine are extraordinarily rich in the enumeration of saints who have come as pilgrims to the "Santissimo Crocifisso." St. Benedict (hence the foundation might even have been of his time. He had a great devotion to St. Erasmus whose body was still at Formia); St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Leonard of Port-Maurice, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, Blessed Gaspar del Bufalo; and perhaps others besides. An altogether special mention is made of St. Philip Neri, who at Riven Mountain made the final decision which resulted in his turning his back on the world and giving himself wholly to God. He was but eighteen years old at the time, a youth in doublet and ruff, and

his father had sent him to S. Germano at the foot of Monte Cassino, where the lad's uncle was a merchant of cloth, and Philip was his prospective heir.

**C**HE saint's biographer, Bari, tells the tale. "There is near the port of Gaeta, not far from S. Germano, a hill famous in those parts, since there is a most ancient and well-known tradition that it is one of those which opened in the death of Our Savior; that which place belongs to the Fathers of St. Benedict of Monte Cassino, who have there a church called of the Most Holy Trinity. This hill from the summit unto the roots is divided by three very great apertures, and the one in the middle is greater than



LEFT, STAIRWAY DESCENDING TO CHAPEL OF THE CRUCIFIX. RIGHT, CHIEF FISSURE OF RIVEN MOUNTAIN. THERE IS A CLEAR SPACE BENEATH THE CHAPEL, THE SEA PASSING FROM END TO END OF THE CLEFT

the others, within which, upon a rock, is built a little chapel, in the care of the above named Fathers, where there is painted the image of a Crucifix, which sailors, when they are sailing past, are wont to salute with some firing of guns. Here, then, Philip frequently coming from S. Germano, was in the habit of retiring to pray and to meditate upon the Passion of his Lord. And here too it came to pass that the things of this world growing to him day by day ever more tedious, he resolved to put into execution the thought he had conceived even from the time when he first arrived in S. Germano, namely not to become a merchant but to give himself wholly to God in some state in which he could serve Him more exclusively. Which intent his uncle having divined, he endeavored by every means in his power to turn him from this purpose, declaring to him that he had determined to make him the heir of all he possessed; and he furthermore warned him to consider his family, for it would end in him; and especially he adjured him not to take so lightly a resolution of so great moment; adding that he did not think he had behaved toward him in such sort that his nephew should not at least be grateful to him for the love he had borne him and for the benefits which he had received from him. To whom Philip, laying aside any hope of earthly riches, with that modest brevity which such occasions require, answered that, as to the benefits he had received, he would never forget them; but that as to all the rest, he praised his uncle's kindness more than his counsel."

And so, turning his back on business and wealth, the young man made his way to Rome where he earned his living by tutoring two little lads, the while he studied philosophy and theology, in the pursuit of his dream to consecrate himself to God. It is one of the most eloquent memories of that spot, so rich in the deeper pulsations of human hearts aspiring to the higher levels of the spirit.

WE MUST visit the sanctuary of ourselves to have a more complete understanding of its impressiveness. At the end of the long road which leads to it, always with the pine trees of the hill on one side, and on the other the sparkling sea, we come up in front of the church of the Holy Trinity. The façade is

of a warm color, cream, flashing to rose; and we recognize a restoration by King Ferdinand II of Naples, who chose the same for the church of St. Francis which he ordered to be erected in Gaeta, on a high site overlooking the gulf, where it is said that the Seraph of Assisi dwelt when he came to the city in 1222. This church, too, of Riven Mountain is adorned with statues of Franciscan Saints, and so we learn that it had been given over to the branch of that Order known as the Alcantarines from their institutor St. Peter of Alcantara.

The interior is at present poor and unadorned; but it has undergone many vicissitudes, and is at length in the care of the Institute for Foreign Missions, who have placed a training school here. Immediately we are struck by an extraordinary phenomenon. Beside the church, but far below it, there is a natural arch of rock, beneath which the water from the sea comes in and takes a wonderful hue of intense, electric blue, which calls to mind the name of the Blue Grotto near Capri. The deep pool here is called the "Grotto of the Turk," because it is said that a Turk first drove his bark into the narrow cleft from the open sea, and, passing under the arch, found the tiny harbor which ends it almost in front of the church. On the nearer side of the edifice is an arched entrance or gateway to a paved court, in reality a long corridor in the open air, with large pictures of the Stations of the Cross in Neapolitan painted tile-work, and inscriptions in verse of which no less a person than the poet Metastasio was the author.

At the further end of the court, we enter a spacious chapel decorated with colored tiles, a commemorative inscription and a bust of St. Philip Neri, to whom the altar was dedicated by his sons of the Oratory in the tercentenary of his death. For they remembered that it was to the Holy Christ of Riven Mountain that they owe his having turned his back upon the allurements of the world, and his vocation to the apostolic life.

When we emerge from the chapel of St. Philip we are, properly speaking, in the fissure of the mountain. We are upon a long narrow staircase, perhaps three feet wide or a trifle over that, apparently descending into an abyss; on either hand are appalling walls of rock, immense, almost smooth of surface, going up

and up above our heads, with only a rift of blue sky far away between them; and the diminution of light between the vertical masses of rock, in that narrow gully, strikes a sort of fear and dread secretly into the soul. One thinks of descriptions of terrific passages of stone in Dante's "Purgatorio": there is something awesome about it all: the gigantic rock-walls, the narrowness, the dimness of the faint, cold light, reluctantly penetrating the depths of the crack; there is even a sense that the two great masses, so close one to the other, might possibly slide together. The stairs have been made at great pains, first supported only on iron bars, then on a more solid foundation of masonry, but nevertheless the sea is flowing in the cleft beneath them.

AT INTERVALS circular reliefs have been carved upon the rock, some containing a simple cross, and others the monogrammatic I. H. S. of the name of Jesus. They are exquisitely wrought, and the stone has taken on the smoothness and polish of marble, perhaps chiefly under the lips of pilgrims. It was Bernardine of Siena who chiselled the beloved emblems with his own hand. When at length we reach the foot of the stairs, we enter a circular chapel, scantily illuminated from above, and dominated by a life-size, representation of the Crucifixion in sculpture, Our Lord hanging upon the Cross, His bowed Head almost in darkness, His Mother and John shadowy beside Him and Magdalen embracing the foot of the Cross. This is the shrine, so famous and so revered, of the "Santissimo Crocifisso." But to our mind it always seems a pity that the ancient venerable images, whether painted in fresco and faded with age, or simple and rude in archaic carvings of wood, should be substituted by modern works of art, as at La Catena and here.

"It is always the same Blessed Christ, and the same holy Madonna," the innovators answer. But we must own to a nostalgic desire for the very same images, delicate in their paling as a vision of Heaven that has been granted to earth and is departing, before which Bernardine, and Philip Neri, and Paul who was to take the name of the Cross, poured forth the love and adoration of their souls. Nevertheless we kneel down because the spot is a very sacred one, and the

new Calvary has gathered into itself the long tradition of extraordinary graces granted to those who pray here. There are several marble slabs with inscriptions set in the walls: one recording the renewal of the chapel and decorations by King Ferdinand II; and another the visit which Pope Pius IX, during his exile and sojourn at Gaeta made haste to pay to the noted sanctuary on the third day after his arrival, November 27, 1848. To right and left of the altar two metrical inscriptions in Latin mention the tradition of the rending of these rocks in the death of the Lord, and pray that the stony heart of man, may be broken here similarly in repentance and compassion at the sight of the dying God.

**T**HE story of the present chapel of the Crucifix is that toward the middle of the fifteenth century, and when King Alphonsus of Naples was residing in Gaeta (1436-1440), a mass of stone detaching itself from the brow of the cliff, fell into the gorge and became wedged so firmly between the two lateral walls of rock that there was no fear it would ever move again; and so it poised half way mid sky and water. The monks of the church of the Trinity decided to erect an oratory upon this stone, in the very midst of the famous fissure, and there it stands now, built upon the wedged rock, visible from the open sea, and suspended as it were above the waves which wash beneath it. Beside the oratory a tiny sacristy has been hollowed out in the rock wall of the cliff. A small winding stair leads to a limited terrace above, in the midst of which rises the dome of the chapel, with the windows that give it light. Leaning against the balustrade to seaward one realizes well the situation of the oratory, founded upon rock and yet poised in space, and with the water of the sea passing freely under it.

The great cliffs, tawny at this point, and with shrubs growing in the crannies, soar at each side of the gully, and where they end, between the vertical ramparts of granite, the view escapes out over the wide, far sea. The water in the crevice is beautiful, of a deep blue, perfectly clear, and moved all over its surface by the wind that sweeps in sharply from the open. We were told that during the winter storms the waves are hurled against the cliffs and into

the gullies with such fury, that they sometimes break over the very walls of the chapel and pour in through the windows, deluging the marble floor. But the Christ of Riven Mountain is able to take care of His little oratory, hidden like the eagle's nest in the hollow of the rock.

On our return we note at the side of the long flight of narrow steps a peculiar imprint in the rock, and a small memorial slab, placed under it, explains that it is the impression of the hand of an unbeliever. The legend relates that a Turk (perhaps the same who found his way inland by the crevice), was visiting the sanctuary and that his pious guide mentioned the tradition concerning the fissures in the mountain, associating them with the cataclysm at the Death of Our Lord. The Mahometan laughed: "Your cliffs are made of butter perhaps, or of cream cheese?" And he smote the stone with his hand; but to his horror his fingers sank in deep as if it had been wax. The little tablet of marble says: *Improba mens verum renuit quod fama fatetur credere, at hoc digitis saxe liquaia probant.* (The perverse mind indeed denies that which fame testifies we may believe, but the fingers impressed in the melted stone give proof of it.) The missionary Father added his own word: "It is generally said that the unbeliever was a Turk. Perhaps he was a Turk."

This little sketch would be incomplete did we not mention the long, straight stretch of sandy beach which lies between Monte Orlando and the hill of La Catena, and which places almost opposite one to the other the two sanctuaries of "Santissimo Crocifisso," and "Santa Maria della Catena," with a considerable space of azure sea intervening. The shore is known as "Spiaggia di Serapo" and it is alive in the summer with happy children splashing about in the low water or digging in the silvery sand. Montagna Spaccata is inaccessible from this side, therefore it is necessary to go around by the road, otherwise the way over the beach would be much shorter.

In the early morning the fishermen haul in the night nets on the Spiaggia di Serapo, and it is always a beautiful walk, between one and two miles long, by a radiant, laughing sea. The Life of St. Paul of the Cross mentions that on one occasion he "went down to the shore of Serapo," but the spot was probably as familiar to

him as it is to all residents of that section. An extremely interesting note concerning this beach is that the apocryphal acts of the apostles mention among the stops made by St. Paul on his way to Rome, his having touched at a place called: "Vicus Serapis." We are not prepared to say either that the statement is true or that this spot is the Vicus Serapis; but if it is true we think there is a great probability that the Vicus Serapis, or Serapidis was the village which had grown up around the temple of that name. Possibly the word is used to signify the harbor of Gaeta. The extreme point of Riven Mountain still goes by the name "Punta di Serapo." The Romans had borrowed the worship of Serapis from the Egyptians and dedicated several temples to the deity in Rome; at Tivoli and elsewhere. It may be that remains of the temple are to be recognized in the Roman ruins behind the church of the Holy Trinity on Mount Orlando; or else in the substructures and well preserved stone passages at the beginning of the cliff, toward the northern end of the shore of Serapo.

A world of archaeological remains, of which much is still unidentified, lies waiting for its explorer immediately around Gaeta. At Montesecchio the Austrian sappers levelled a good area of fragments of Roman construction to clear the space, and a broken marble, found among other débris about 1721, read as a dedication either to the emperor Hadrian or to his successor Antoninus Pius.\* The villa—of the early second century—appears to have been at the base of Monte Orlando. The doubt comes to mind that possibly this was the famed palace of Faustina, daughter of Antoninus; but scholars are of opinion that her dwelling of pleasure was in Gaeta itself overhanging the sea. Pius IX, in 1848, was sometimes to be seen walking along the edge of the water on the sands of Serapo.

**B**EFORE closing this brief study, we turn for a moment to the letters penned by St. Paul of the Cross while at Gaeta, and we find in the mere mention of persons and places, a delightful suggestiveness which brings that whole world of long ago vividly before one's mind. Apparently the

\*The Emperor Antoninus Pius (138-161) had repaired the harbor of Gaeta.

saint first came to Gaeta in 1724. From here he set forth on that disastrous journey to Troja, when he and John Baptist almost died of hunger on the way, and traveling bare-headed as they were wont, under the fierce blaze of the August sun, John Baptist was prostrated with a sun-stroke that almost cost him his life, and Paul arrived at Troja in a high fever. After reaping a rich harvest of souls, by the advice of the saintly Bishop Cavalier, the brothers went to Rome to make the Jubilee of 1725, and at the same time to verbally ask the permission of the Sovereign Pontiff to assemble a few companions and to begin the work which Paolo Daneo felt irresistibly impelled to do. Having obtained this grace, the hermits returned to S. Maria della Catena, and it is said that here first the future founder began to use the word Retreat to indicate his place of dwelling, the word special to the homes of the Passionist Fathers now all the world over.

AT THIS time the saint was wont to sign his letters "Paolo Francesco Daneo," or Danei, and he sometimes added the initials "D.P.D.G." (*Dei Poveri Di Gesù*), "of the Poor of Jesus," which he seems to have contemplated as a name for his little company; though it was only evolved from the personal sense of his own poverty and worthlessness which had made him in the beginning of his life of detachment describe himself as "the least of the poor of Jesus." With this title he signed his letters in 1721, "M.P.D.G." (*Minimo Povero di Gesù*.) Three years after leaving Gaeta, at Monte Argentaro, he has found a new name for himself, "Paolo Francesco d. S. † d. G."—"of the Holy † of Jesus." Thus gradually he moves toward the title for which he will discard the name of his family forever, and by which all ages will know him: "St. Paul of the Cross."

The first letter from S. Maria della Catena is dated February 7, 1726, and is addressed to a pious lady of Gaeta, Signora Nicolina Pecorini Martinez. Her son Emanuele became a priest and was one of the witnesses for the saint's process.

The letter is wholly of spiritual advice and encouragement. A second letter in April wishes her the joys of Easter. A third, but from S. Maria della Civita, begs for the loan "of the two volumes which treat of the most holy love of God by St. Francis of Sales." The home of the Pecorinis is still in existence and when Pius IX arrived in Gaeta, King Ferdinand II, leaving the Royal Palace installed his august guest there, and moved with his family to the Palazzo Pecorini which is also called "La Casina." "They were rather cramped," says the biographer, "but alterations were made to make them as comfortable as possible."

We have seen that Don Erasmo Tuccinardi was the saint's closest friend at Gaeta, and also his confessor, and after the brothers went to Rome to serve the sick in the hospital of S. Gallicano they were in frequent correspondence. The announcement of their arrival is first made to Don Erasmo, and for six years the brothers continue to write to him from time to time. It is evident that they have many friends in Gaeta and the vicinity; several ecclesiastics, and the resident priests of the "Santissima Annunziata" where Don Erasmo is living, the "Mastro di Casa" and his household receive unfailing greetings, and so do "the brothers who are your companions," no doubt an allusion to the fraternity of priests who since the early fourteenth century had been serving that church. There is a cleric "Signor Calcagini" who seems inclined to join the nascent institute once the hermits have taken up their abode on Mount Argentaro.

### Evening in Ireland

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

**H** SNOWY weight of lilies  
Lies on woodland lake-water,  
Where a wheeling swallow's pinion  
Sets the ripples all astir—

O'er a silver-sheeted radiance  
Where floats the afterglow  
'Tween the Heaven above and the  
Heaven  
In the quiet lake below.

Where the ghostly larches glimmer  
Like sails far out to sea,  
And each little knot of bushes  
Holds a purple mystery.

While across the hazy distance  
Faintly, slowly swells,  
With all their memoried sweetness,  
Village vesper bells.

And framed in every casement  
Cheering stars abide,  
Where a wreath of lime-white cabins  
Drifts adown the valley side.

And trailing o'er the gorseland  
Tired feet pass along,  
To the comfort of the heartstone  
Rest, and even-song.

ONCE the pious writer expresses sorrow for the death of one of the Guastaferri, and the reader calls to mind the ancient noble palace of the Guastaferro on the Piazza del Cavallo, with the arms over the portal. There is an archpriest of Sperlonga, by name Oliva, who desired the Daneo brothers to give a mission in his parish at Sperlonga, and we remember the place as a lovely spot upon the coast, with the ruins of a palace of Tiberius in the neighborhood. Then there are the women, Caterina and Felice di Gensa, in whose spiritual progress the saint is so much interested; and that Rosa, a penitent of Don Erasmo, entered as a postulant among the serving women of S. Gallicano, and who refuses to have any other spiritual direction than that of the humble Paolo Francesco who repeatedly declares his utter incompetence to direct any soul. Then he leaves for Monte Argentaro which, in some ways must have reminded him of Gaeta; but he never forgot those friends of the ancient city in the Kingdom of Naples; and the city, although, alas, too dimly-remembers him.

THE END.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.



Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

#### TUNNEY—LAUDER

I was surprised to read some time ago that Gene Tunney and Polly Lauder were married by civil ceremony in addition to a Catholic one in Italy. I have always been under the impression that it was strictly against the rules and regulations of our Church for a Catholic to participate in a ceremony of any kind other than a Catholic one. I would like this information regarding this point because a non-Catholic friend has asked me concerning it.—C. H., OAK PARK, ILL.

The civil ceremony is obligatory on all in Italy, an obligation which the Church recognizes simply for the sake of civil effects. Of course, Catholics who go through this ceremony do not consider themselves married. It is merely equivalent to obtaining one's civil marriage license in this country. What the Church forbids is going through another religious ceremony either before or after the Catholic marriage service.

#### THE CATHOLIC FORM OF MARRIAGE

One member of a certain family left the Catholic Church and later married and had a family of his own. His mother wished one of the grandchildren to be raised a Catholic, and as a result had one of the boys baptized in the Catholic Church. He attended both Catholic and Protestant Sunday Schools, with the result that he never received his First Holy Communion or Confirmation; nor did he ever affiliate himself with a Protestant church. When 17 years old he was married to a Protestant girl by a Protestant minister, but was later divorced. He is now an active Catholic and would like to marry a Catholic girl. I believe that the law of the Church is that the marriage of a Catholic is not valid if not performed by a priest, but the main question is: would this young man be considered a Catholic at the time of his marriage, not having at that time received any of the sacraments except baptism?—N. N.

This question depends upon several points which you do not mention, such as, when the marriage took place, how he regarded his own religion, and how others regarded him. These points must be clearly settled before any decision can be given as to his status. There seems to be ground for an opinion that the marriage to the Protestant girl may have been invalid owing to the lack of a Catholic ceremony. But this can be ascertained only after a thorough investigation of the diocesan and parochial authorities, to whom such matters belong. Our advice is to put this matter before your pastor.

#### MIXED MARRIAGE DISPENSATION

In your October issue you state, in answer to a question entitled "Two Marriage Queries": "Moreover, the Church forbids mixed marriages from taking place, and she grants a dispensation only under certain grave conditions." I am a Catholic married to a Protestant by a Catholic priest with-

out the least difficulty. I am therefore very anxious to know what the above quotation means, as "only under certain grave conditions" can be interpreted by me only in one way.—N. N.

The "certain grave conditions" under which a dispensation may be given by the bishop to a Catholic in order to allow him to enter a marriage with a Protestant are revealed in Canons 1060 and 1061 of the Code of Canon Law. Canon 1060 says: "The Church everywhere most severely forbids marriage between two baptized persons, one of whom is a Catholic, the other a member of an heretical or schismatic sect; and if there is the danger of perversion to the Catholic party and the offspring, a marriage of this kind is also forbidden by divine law." This is the mind of the Church. But conditions in some countries are such that she must temper her severity in order to meet conditions as they exist. This holds true especially in this country, where the Faithful are so closely associated with heretics.

The Church will allow a dispensation from the prohibition, but it is only under the conditions given in Canon 1061, which reads as follows: "The Church does not dispense the impediment of mixed religion, that is, a marriage between two baptized parties—one Catholic and the other heretical or schismatical—unless; 1st, there are urgent and grave reasons. (This clause implies that the marriage cannot without grave difficulty be prevented); 2nd, the non-Catholic party must promise to remove every danger of perversion to the Faith of the Catholic party, and both parties must promise that all children to be born will be baptized and educated as Catholics; 3rd, there must be moral certitude that these conditions will be fulfilled; 4th, the promises must be made in writing, as a rule.

If, as you say, you were married to a Protestant by a Catholic priest without the least difficulty, the above conditions must have been complied with.

#### ABSTINENCE AND CLERICAL CELIBACY

(1) May soup derived from meat and clam chowder seasoned with salt pork be eaten on Fridays and days of abstinence? (2) Did the priests marry years ago?—J. S., NEWARK, N. J.

(1) Here is the law of abstinence as given in the Code of Canon Law. The law of abstinence forbids flesh meat and juice derived from flesh meat, but not eggs, lacticinia (milk products), and certain condiments made from the fat of animals (as lard). Soup made from flesh meat, therefore, may not be taken on days of abstinence. Although, strictly speaking, salt pork falls under the head of flesh meat, yet it may be allowed in small quantity as a condiment in making clam chowder. But good Catholics try to observe the law strictly and get along very well without salt pork in their chowder. There is no seasoning in abstinence food so good as the feeling that one is really doing penance.

(2) As far back as apostolic times the custom arose that those in the higher orders among the clergy should prac-

tise celibacy. This custom did not become law in the Western Church until the beginning of the fourth century. From time to time this disciplinary law was strengthened by Popes and Councils, notably by Pope Gregory VII (1074), who is sometimes erroneously described as the author of the law. The clergy of most of the Eastern Catholic Churches were married, but they were married prior to the reception of the first major order, the deaconship, not afterward. Not even the Schismatic Churches allowed the higher clergy to marry after ordination. It is interesting to note that today there is a decided tendency among the Catholic Churches of the East to adopt the practice of the Latin Church in the matter of celibacy. One reason for the lethargy of the Eastern Churches is the presence of married clergy.

#### GETTING THE BEST PRICES

(1) *Is it true that I am entitled to get the best prices possible for my goods, or is it sinful to charge more than the proper price of same?* (2) *If a person buys goods on credit am I justified in adding 10 per cent to their account, this money of course, going to the company for whom I work?*—N. N.

(1) This question concerns the bi-lateral contract of buying and selling. By virtue of that contract the seller agrees to hand over an article to the buyer for a certain price. It is clear that the price agreed on must be just, both to the buyer and the seller. Now what is a just price? Moralists distinguish three kinds of just prices; the legal, the common, and the conventional. The first is established by law, such as gas rates, and must be followed in conscience for the public good; the second by the common estimation of men; and the third by a private agreement, such as happens in regard to articles which have only a small restricted sale, such as works of art. Your question regards the second kind of price. Moralists in answering your question further distinguish the common price into three degrees; lowest, medium, and highest—all in regard to the same article. Therefore one merchant can sell at a higher price than another, just as he may undersell him, without injuring commutative justice; provided of course, the price charged corresponds with the value of the article in the common estimation. Thus it is that some retail stores sell the same article at higher prices than others. This cannot be called unjust, even though there were no added reasons for a higher price, such as heavier rent, etc. As a rule the community takes care of this matter pretty well. If they can get the same pair of shoes cheaper in one store than in another they will make a path to the first door. Therefore, if "getting the best prices possible" means getting the highest degree of a just price, you are not violating justice by asking for it. But to exceed that amount is unlawful.

(2) This also is lawful, on the principle that the risk the seller takes, and the advantage which the buyer gains, is worth a price, which can be charged against his account. What is considered a just surcharge for credit accounts must again be estimated according to sound, public opinion. Of course, common honesty and candor dictate that this surcharge should be made known to those who might suffer were it not revealed.

#### BOOKS ON MORAL MEDICINE

*I have been much interested in your answers to questions. I wonder if you could recommend a few books giving the Catholic viewpoint on questions of moral medicine, and the prices of the books.*—Dr. ——

Here is a partial list of books on the subject written from the viewpoint of Catholic ethics.

Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation, by Dr. O'Malley, \$4.50.

Essays in Pastoral Medicine, by Dr. O'Malley and Dr. Walsh, \$3.25.

Moral Problems in Hospital Practice, by Rev. Fr. Finney, C.M., \$1.25.

Acute Cases in Moral Medicine, by Rev. Fr. Burke, \$1.00.

Moral Problems and Medical Practice, by Rev. Fr. Copens, S.J., \$2.50.

Crux of Pastoral Medicine, by Rev. Fr. Klarman, \$1.50.

Talks to Nurses, by Rev. Fr. Spaulding, S.J., \$1.50.

N. B.—These books can be procured through THE SIGN, adding 10 per cent of cost for postage.

#### LENTEN REGULATIONS: HIGH MASS

(1) *May a person who is obliged to fast have milk or cream in tea or coffee for breakfast on a fast day?* The regulations for Lent state that milk may be taken for the principal meal and at the collation, but not at breakfast. (2) *At High Mass should the congregation stand or kneel during the singing of the Agnus Dei?* (3) *Has any religious order of priests a monastery or a church anywhere in Alabama, Georgia, or Florida?*—W. S., ROUSES POINT, N. Y.

(1) A small quantity of milk or cream may be used for flavoring only in tea, coffee, or chocolate at what you call breakfast, but which is more accurately termed in theology as "frustulum panis," a wee bit of bread. Milk or cream may be taken as a beverage at the principal meal in any quantity consonant with temperance, and at the evening collation an amount consonant with the obligation to fast.

(2) They should kneel.

(3) The Jesuits and Benedictines conduct colleges in the dioceses of Mobile, Ala., and St. Augustine, Fla. The Benedictines and Marists conduct colleges in the diocese of Savannah, Ga. There is usually a church attached to the school or college in charge of the respective religious order.

#### THE "HOBOKEN MONASTERY": LATE FOR MASS

(1) *Can you please tell me if there is a monastery in Union City, in which public cures are effected through relics? It was known, so far as I can remember, as the "Hoboken Monastery."* (2) *Is a person considered late for Mass as soon as the priest commences services at the altar, or is a person who comes in to church before the missal is changed to the Gospel side of the altar not considered late for Mass?*—G. L., ORANGE, N. J.

(1) There is a large monastery in Union City, N. J., called St. Michael's Passionist Monastery. It has been located there for about 75 years. It may sometimes be loosely called the "Hoboken Monastery," but such is a geographical error. Union City was formerly called West Hoboken, which was quite distinct from the lower city on the Hudson. This monastery has ever been a place of pilgrimage. For the past four years public devotions have been held every Monday in honor of St. Paul of the Cross and St. Gabriel. Thousands attend these services. Many cures have been attributed by the Faithful to the intercession of these two saints, and the application of their relics.

(2) A person is late for Mass if he comes into church one minute after the priest has begun its celebration. The precept of the Church says: "The Faithful are obliged to hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays." Which means an entire Mass. Of course, every omission is not a grave sin. Somehow or other the "changing of the book," as it is called, is regarded by the slothful as the dead line. As long as they are in church "before the book is changed" they have an easy conscience—which is very wrong.

**PRE-NUPTIAL PROMISES**

*Is there any way of binding non-Catholics to the agreement made at marriage to rear children in the Catholic Faith, and have them educated in Catholic schools, in case of death of the Catholic parent; also if non-Catholic repudiates agreement while the Catholic parent is still alive?*—B. J. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Catholic Church has no police force. The pre-nuptial promises, which are explained to the non-Catholic party, and which he must promise to fulfill before a dispensation will be granted, are the only means of providing for the Catholic baptism and education of the children. The Church supposes that non-Catholics who promise these things are honorable. But experience teaches how often she is deceived. The best means of providing for the Catholic baptism and education of children is to avoid marrying those not of the Faith.

**CONSCIENCE AND CONFESSORIAL**

(1) *If a person commits a mortal sin, but didn't know that it was mortal, and goes to confession without mentioning it, is the confession worthy?* (2) *What should one do who is constantly annoyed with bad thoughts? Is it a mortal sin when it cannot be helped?* (3) *When two persons are arguing about something, and one cursed the other without thinking, and the other party said almost the same thing in return, would it be considered a mortal sin? It was the first time such a thing happened.* (4) *Can a priest marry two baptized, or two unbaptized Protestants?* — N. L., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) You are obliged to mention only those mortal sins which you have certainly committed, and which you are able to remember.

(2) Sins of thought, like all other sins, are committed only when there is deliberation and voluntary consent. The best thing to do in such cases is to be busy in useful things.

(3) Hardly.

(4) By the Canon Law Catholic priests are not permitted to marry two non-Catholics, whether baptized or not.

**RESPONSIBILITY OF JEWS**

*Why are the Jews held responsible for the crucifixion of Christ? Was He not handed over to the rabble by a Roman Emperor, and was He not crucified by Roman soldiers?*—L. E., BEDFORD, IND.

The moral instigators of Jesus' death were the Chief Priests and the Sanhedrin, who voted to hand Him over to the Roman Governor and have Him put to death. The execution of this design was performed by the soldiers of Rome, after command had been given by Pilate. Therefore Our Lord said to Pilate: "He that delivered Me up to thee hath the greater sin." In other words, the Jewish leaders were more guilty than Pilate and the Roman soldiers. The populace was stirred to demand the death of Jesus by the efforts of the Chief Priests. As a result they consented to His death, by crying out: "His blood be upon us and upon our children."

**FOUNDER OF BAPTISTS**

*Who was the founder of the Baptist Church?*—C. E. M., PHILIPSBURG, PA.

According to the United States Government Report of 1916, on the status of the various religious bodies in the country, the founder of the Baptist Sect is one John Smyth. The sect was founded in Amsterdam in 1608, and in London in 1611.

**CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL**

*Could you give me a list of convalescent homes or hospitals, not too expensive, convenient to Akron or Cleveland, Ohio?*—M. M., BOSTON, MASS.

Write to the Diocesan Bureau of Charities and Hospitals, 605 Guarantee Trust Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

**LIFE OF SISTER MARY MARTHA**

*Please let me know where I can purchase the Life of Sister Mary Martha of the Holy Wounds?*—P. C., OAKLAND, CALIF.

Write to the Academy of the Visitation, 5448 Cabanne Place, St. Louis, Mo.

**THE PRIEST'S BLESSING**

*I wonder if you could tell me where to obtain a book which I read years ago, entitled The Priest's Blessing? I do not know the author. I have looked in every catalog but could find no mention of it.*—R. R., PANA, ILL.

No doubt it is out of print. We have never heard of the book. Write to Benziger Brothers, Barclay Street, New York, N. Y.

**ST. GENOVEFFA**

*Could you tell me where to get the life of St. Genoveffa. She was a countess and lived in the desert for seven years with her little son. It was in Germany. I think the book I want was written by Canon Schmid.*—M. R., NEWTON, N. J.

Write to the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, 3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

**CHURCHES WITH TITLE OF ST. JANE**

*Why is it that churches are never dedicated to St. Jane?* There are two St. Janes—one in August, and the other in February. The former is the foundress of the Order of the Visitation.—J. L. W.

We know of at least one church which is dedicated to St. Jane, Foundress of the Visitation Order. It is located at 57th Street and 13th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**PERSONAL REPLIES**

To P. D.—You are aware that it is not the prerogative of this department to render authoritative decisions regarding the validity of a marriage contract. We can give an opinion only on the facts presented. In this light, therefore, it appears from what you state in your letter that the marriage was valid. Contemplated rupture of a marriage bond, or absolute divorce, would most certainly invalidate the marriage. But such an intention is difficult to discover, and only after a long and thorough investigation by the matrimonial board of the diocese. Lies, deceptions, etc., learned after the celebration of the marriage do not necessarily render the marriage invalid. Only when the will of one or both of the contracting parties has been clearly shown to have been substantially defective regarding the perpetuity of the marriage bond *prior to the marriage* can it be declared null and void. You would be guilty of great folly were you to marry the lady before a decision on the case was rendered by the matrimonial board of the diocese. Our advice is to bring this matter to the attention of your pastor, or some priest whom you think would help you.

To N. G.—When a marriage is celebrated it is presumed to be validly celebrated until the contrary is proved. The reasons you allege must be proved. Take the matter to your pastor, or the priest who performed the marriage.

To M. K. D.—Ask your confessor's advice. Meanwhile pay no attention to the matter.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

In the latter part of October I wrote to **THE SIGN**, asking the prayers of the readers in my behalf. I wanted a car stop at this corner, but could not get it. Petitions were refused, and very strong political influence was turned down. On November 2nd, in answer to my letter, you said prayers would be offered. On December 2nd this corner was made a stop. Thank you for the prayers said in my behalf.—W. J. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I gave a friend of mine who was out of work a long time one of those prayers to St. Jude. I asked her to make a novena, and if she got work to make some offering for the mission work in China. Tonight I called at her home. She told me she was working and asked me to send this money as a thanksgiving offering.—M. A. D., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

I petitioned St. Jude that our family might be made happy. He has answered through God's mercy.—M. B. R.

The following also wish to make acknowledgment of their gratitude to St. Jude for his intercession: A. J. B., SCITUATE, MASS.; W. J. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; H. J. P., LAWRENCE, MASS.; J. L. M., IRWIN, PA.; T. McG., HOLMSBURG, PA.; V. F., NEWARK, N. J.; B. R. K., CHARLESTON, S. C.; C. C. D., NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASS.; M. A. G., NORMANDY, MO.; A. N., FOREST HILLS, L. I.; A. J. W., UNIONTOWN, PA.; M. G., RUSHVILLE, IND.; M. H., MILLTOWN, N. J.; I. A. K., CHICAGO, ILL.; E. C., ASTORIA, L. I.; F. C. G., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.; E. H., VINCENNES, IND.; M. L. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.; B. R., Jr., CHURCH POINT, LA.; Sister of Mercy, BUFFALO, N. Y.; K. E. G., PITTSSTON, PA.; T. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. B. C., HILLSIDE, N. J.; F. A. W., No. PHILADELPHIA, PA.; C. J. M., NEWARK, N. J.; D. H., FORGE VILLAGE, MASS.; A. T. I., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; T. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; F. C. G., L. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. R. V., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; H. J. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. J. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.; E. A. B., A. C. W., MERIDEN, CONN.; B. O. L., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. T., No. BERGEN, N. J.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that **THE SIGN** has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

My mother wishes to offer a Holy Mass for the Poor Souls in thanksgiving to Little Gemma for a wonderful cure which was granted so quickly. Will you please publish this favor so that others may be inspired to have devotion to dear Little Gemma also?—F. B., WOODCLIFF, N. J.

M. F. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. S., BELLEVILLE, N. J.; M. B., FREMONT, OHIO; E. T. G., WEST PITTSSTON, PA.; M. M. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.; A. S. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.; J. D., NEWBURGH, N. Y.; W. G., CINCINNATI, OHIO; B. D., NEW HAVEN, CONN.; E. B., HARTHORNE, N. J.

## Communications

## DEVOTIONS TO ST. MICHAEL

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

If the person who made inquiry in your November issue of **THE SIGN** regarding devotions to St. Michael will communicate with the Rev. Mother of the Carmelite Convent, St. Louis, Mo., where a perpetual novena is conducted by

the nuns, I am sure they will gladly forward a leaflet containing prayers to St. Michael, and will gladly remember this person's intentions in their perpetual novena.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

M. S.

## A COMMENDATION FROM INDIA

## EDITOR, THE SIGN:

It is already since four years that we have the happiness of being favored by you to a free copy of **THE SIGN** and other kindnesses received from your hands. I write to send you my appreciation of it all and thank you in the name of the whole of our little Community, with our very best wishes for a happy and holy Christmas and a blessed New Year. At the crib we shall in due time ask the Babe of Bethlehem to reward and bless the kind benefactors. **THE SIGN** is a most welcome visitor here, and this is what one of our readers thinks of it. "Bring me that beautiful book with the cross on the cover of it, I think it is called 'The Sign Post,'" I forget the title, but it is in this magazine that I experience the most consolation. It gives me hope and inspires me with courage, and assuages my pains for the misspent years of my life." He was a Free Mason, this gentleman, and for twenty-five years out of the church. He is about sixty-five years old. When sick he went to three different hospitals and nowhere was he satisfied, but hardly ten days with us he wished to see the hospital chaplain and on the Feast of Our Blessed Lady's Birthday he made his peace with God and went to Holy Communion.

He loves **THE SIGN** and continues reading it with great interest. Amongst the other patients it is not less welcome, and after making the rounds of the hospital it carries its message of love and mercy also to poor families and even to the prisoners, where the matron in charge distributes it amongst the poor people there. Please, dear Rev. Father, will you mail this inspiring booklet to us also in the coming year? Thank you in the name of all who benefit by its reading.

ST. MARTHA'S HOSPITAL,

SISTER M. EUPHRASIE,  
BANGALORE CITY, INDIA. *Religious of the Good Shepherd*

## AND ONE FROM NEW YORK

## EDITOR, THE SIGN:

While Mrs. O'Keefe and myself were visiting during the holidays, a member of the family, a young man, presented to me the type of Catholic magazine in his judgment, every Catholic should have. I inquired of the young man the name of the magazine.

He replied, "Mr. O'Keefe, I will go upstairs to my room and bring it down to you."

When he returned to the parlor, there was a December issue of **THE SIGN** in his hand and he advised me if I was not a subscriber to subscribe for **THE SIGN**.

While attending midday Mass at St. Francis' Church, 31st Street, New York City, I noticed a copy of **THE SIGN** very carefully folded under the arm of a lady, who, no doubt, had been reading it on her way to business. A number of friends of mine in Holy Name Parish, New York City, including Mrs. O'Keefe, think **THE SIGN** is a Catholic magazine in which the reader finds so much to please the mind and eye.

I trust sincerely, my dear Father Purcell, that this information at the beginning of the New Year will stimulate you to continue in developing your splendid Catholic publication. In its new form and size, its typographical appearance is a delight to the eye. Its editorial comment urges one to read the magazine from cover to cover.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOHN J. O'KEEFE,  
President, *Truth Magazine Inc.*

# Firstfruits to the Lamb

## BEHOLD THE INHERITANCE OF THE LORD

*"These were purchased from among men, the firstfruits to God and to the Lamb." (APOC. 14:4.)*

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

**I**N THE short records of the life of Christ written by the Evangelists, there are a few incidents that reveal the love of Jesus for children. To many readers they appear to be interludes in our Lord's busy life, restful moments from the serious duty of preaching, occasions for indulging the affections of His Heart amid the coldness and indifference around Him. Such readers see in these incidents only a display of human tenderness for the unspoiled innocence of childhood, a purely human tribute to the little ones that come so eagerly and confidently to Him.

Consequently in reading them, they experience about the same sentiments they feel for the man who loves flowers or the man who with simply kindness brings into trusting submission the wild creatures of the wood and field. They admire this as a beautiful trait in our Lord's character and then pass on quickly to things which, in their opinion, are more worthy of adult seriousness. This is a great mistake. The writing of these episodes into Gospel narrative was done under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, Who, as Jesus foretold "shall give testimony of Me. For He shall not speak of Himself but He shall glorify Me." (JOHN 15:16.) Every incident in the inspired writings adds indeed to the loveliness of the human nature of the Christ but they are also revelations of His Person and His Work—the Person of the God-Man and His Work of Salvation. Nothing trivial is done by a God-Man and surely that is important and worthy of consideration which gives us a better understanding of Him and of His Work.

All the words and deeds of Jesus that have reference to children show a very real and special love for them, so much so that we are warranted in believing that they have a place in His Heart next to His glorious Mother. True that Scripture itself seems to accord that place to the holy

virgins who espoused Him in life, for "they follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." But the enlightened Faith of Holy Church applies to both the same beautiful, inspired text: "These were purchased from among men, the firstfruits to God and to the Lamb." Even were the Gospel record lacking, this fact would stand out from the prophetic words: "He shall feed the flock like a shepherd. He shall gather together the lambs with His arms and shall take them up in His bosom and He Himself shall carry them that are with young." (Is. 40:11.) But the Gospels are not wanting in facts that reveal this love for children in all its depth and tenderness; for the Good Shepherd, who went through hard ways to bring back the wandering sheep was also beautifully tender toward the innocent little ones of His flock.

Children flocked around Him and were cordially and lovingly received. At such times He must have thought of the children of Bethlehem—those Innocents who laid down their lives in defense of His. There is a world of beauty in the Catholic notion that they received the use of reason before they received the thrust of the sword and that only immaturity of body prevented them from rising up in defense of the Infant God. Still they were martyrs to His cause and martyrs in a sense that no others are—martyrs in the unique sense that they not only died for Christ but from the very blows that were aimed at Him. The idea is from St. Augustine who speaks of "those infants who, being sacrificed by the death-blows which were aimed at Christ, preceded with blood worthy of such honor the offering of the Lamb and were the harbingers of the Lord's Passion."

"This tender flock of victims," as the Church calls them, were the first to herald forth His coming Passion and they were its firstfruits. With charming simplicity, the Church poet pictures them around the Heavenly altar playing with their martyr's palm and crown. But these child-martyrs

stand in an even more wondrous relation to Christ. They were His savors. Each one of them represented Him and when the sword had fallen on the last, the fear of the cruel Herod was dispelled and Jesus was safe. Later He would defend His own life by miracle until His hour was come and then He would forbid the impetuous Peter to wield the sword on His behalf. But each of these little ones died the death intended for Him—a brave little band that stood between Jesus and the destroying sword.

Nor is there any need for the adult mind to turn from these things to more serious and sublime teachings. For the most sublime and severe doctrine of Jesus was hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed to these little ones. All that is high and serious in His thought and words is summed up in the Cross and its practical and far-reaching precept is: "He that shall lose his life for My sake shall save it." (MARK 8:31-35; LUKE 9:22-24.) To these little ones, as adepts in the mysteries of the Kingdom and as befitting their age, was granted a deep understanding together with a literal fulfillment of His words. To the rest it is but a dark and difficult parable which they cannot understand nor fulfill unless they cast aside their superior wisdom and become as little children. With affection then did Jesus receive all the children that came to Him with sweet memories of those who died the death intended for Him and, who at the very awakening of reason understood the doctrine of the Cross and who, in one act, as swift as the stroke of a sword embraced it to their souls forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not." (MARK 10:14.)*

**W**E HAVE then an explanation of the displeasure which showed on His face and in His voice when the disciples tried to keep the little ones away from Him. The ceaseless verbal traps laid for Him by His enemies and their petty persecutions,

the crude manners of His disciples and their bickerings among themselves, lack of understanding by the people and their frequent ingratitude brought no shadow of annoyance to His Face. Even when at times He protests in word, there is not the same tone of annoyance as when He rebukes that self-important adult attitude that would keep the lambs of His flock from gathering about their Shepherd. "And the disciples rebuked those that brought them. Whom when Jesus saw, He was much displeased and saith to them: Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not." (MARK 10:13-14.)

Jesus took genuine delight in their company, the more so as they were importunate in crowding upon Him as the Gospel seems to indicate, for a sign of recognition—a touch of His hand, a kindly word or the favor of His embrace. The wise and the prudent stood off with adult seriousness, waiting till the Master had indulged His fondness for children and refreshed His mind with their amusing ways and diverting chatter. Then again they would hear words such as no man ever spoke before; they would learn more of the mysteries of the Kingdom. Each of them coveted the place and, if loyalty to the Master, superior wisdom, zeal in His service or the performance of brilliant work were the requirements for it, each was ready to give his best. Meanwhile Jesus took a child and set him in the midst. And His voice cut through all their ambitions and swept away all their dreams: "Unless you become as this little child you shall not even enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Now genuine and sincere was the love of Jesus for children; how charmed He was by their simplicity and innocence. There was a mighty work before Him, no less than the Redemption of the world. It was to cost Him prodigious labor; it would require all the fortitude of a God-Man. Even the mental apprehension of its exquisite pain and bitter disappointments was a weight that crushed Him and started the life-blood oozing from His veins. At the same time He pictured the thing to be effected in the soul of man by His Death. He formed ideas of the rewards that would compensate Him for His work. Had the wise and prudent known all this they would

have waited with bated breath for the sublime word of revelation, surely His uttermost utterance. But Jesus simply states that a man must be born again and become as this little child.

Such was His conception of the regenerate soul and to Him well worth the price. No defence of childhood against the belittlement that comes from the self-importance of the adult mind was ever so emphatic as this. Nor after this can any word of human praise add to the glory of childhood. Jesus Christ declares that the soul that would profit by His Death and accept salvation must become like the child that He presses so fondly to His Heart. To win an equal love, the soul must accept salvation and walk in its ways with a child's humility and simplicity, charity and innocence.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Behold the inheritance of the Lord are children." (Ps. 126:3.)*

WITH pleasure, with solitude did Jesus look on children. Innocent of soul and clean of heart they were worthy to gaze on God; they were already in possession of salvation. He wished above all things to protect them from sin; He desired that they should be cared for and shielded from danger. They were His inheritance, the firstfruits of His Passion. He gave them then the highest of all recommendations: "He that shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me." And by the same token He rose up in wrath and addressed fearful and menacing words to those who would blight the flower of their innocence with the corroding canker of sin.

There is no punishment that can fit such a deed; there is none among the numerous penalties of the Jewish law for the robber that would steal from the sheepfold that He was prepared to defend with His Life. "He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." (MATT. 18:6.) Death by drowning was for the Jew the most barbarous of all punishments, because it deprived him of burial—a privilege which the Law accorded even to those who were crucified or exposed on a gibbet. (DEUT. 21:23.)

The worst imaginable punishment

is not enough for the man who should steal from Christ one of the lambs of His flock. And so He earnestly commands them to the care of the Apostles: "See that you despise not one of these little ones."

To impress them with the importance of this duty, to communicate to them the love of His own Heart for children, He gives some weighty reasons. The first is that each one has a Guardian Angel and men should not be remiss in a work that the princes of Heaven delight to perform. Again He pleads with them not to neglect those for whom He died, for He died not only for those who were lost but also for those who would most certainly have been lost but for His saving death. "For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." And just as a shepherd leaves ninety-nine to go in search of one that had gone astray, "even so," He concludes, "it is not the will of your Father Who is in Heaven that one of these little ones should perish." (MATT. 18.)

"The inheritance of the Lord are children," they are His through the travail on the Cross, they are infinitely dear to Him for the pangs He suffered in their spiritual birth. "A woman, when she is in labor, hath sorrow because her hour is come; but when she hath brought forth the child, she remembereh no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world." So Jesus rejoices in His inheritance and gathers His children about Him. His mark is upon them, not the painful wound of circumcision but the innocence which is the effect of His cleansing Blood.

WITH the clear eyes of passionless purity, the heart of childhood has always recognized Jesus and has hastened fearlessly to gather round Him. With honor they welcomed Him at the threshold of His Life: heroically they cast their budding lives at His Feet, the first roses of martyrdom thrown in the path of His triumphant conquest of the world; they refreshed His weary soul amid the stifling atmosphere of a cold and sinful world with the sweet fragrance of their innocent love; they stood in charming simplicity while He pointed to them and told the great and the wise to fit themselves for the Kingdom of Heaven by studying to become like them; they even ventured with Him

to the gloomy portal of death and gladdened His Heart with a farewell hymn of praise. The popular tumult and wild acclaim of Palm Sunday had died away. Over night the mutterings of that blasphemous chant for His death had begun.

On Monday—the last day but one of His ministry—Jesus came to the temple and brought quiet and peace into the sacred precincts by casting out the money-changers. Then through the clear stillness of the holy place rang out the voices of the children: "Hosanna to the Son of David." "Save, O Lord, this Son of David; preserve and bless this king." The indignant chief-priests and scribes protested to Jesus but they receive no satisfaction from the delighted Friend of children. Rather, in that place of prayer, of psalm and hymn and canticle, He declares that they have given expression to words of perfect praise. And here before the sad and gloomy story of plots and lies, of betrayals and denials, we leave the little ones praying for blessing and protection upon the gentle Master Who so often blessed them from His Heart and Who had thrown around their lives the protection of a fearful threat and a tender love.

**C**HILDREN had no part in that orgy of blood and blasphemy but they were brought to the attention of Jesus in a way that moved Him to a greater love and infinite pity. Presented to the Jewish rabble for their choice between Him and the robber, He was ignominiously rejected. But the imprecation that accompanied this rejection must not only have moved but even broken the fount of pity in the Heart of Christ. "His Blood be upon us and upon our children." (MATT. 27:27.) Before the echo of that cry died away, Jesus saw all the children of the world and recognized them as images of Himself as He stood there—innocent victims of the sins of others.

Since the rule of His mortal life was to learn by suffering, He must have acquired there a perfect compassion for children in suffering; for, He saw that there was no limit to human brutality when the passions of men would move them so far as to place on His little ones responsibility for His Death. This was no sterile sentiment in the Heart of Jesus for it moved Him to the only speech on the Way of the Cross and the longest since the curse was in-

voked. He warned the women of Jerusalem to flee from the city before the blasphemous prayer was answered. But all the while, it is evident that He is thinking of the safety of the children and trying to save them from the monstrous punishment due alone to the sins of their elders. The very Heart of Compassion was revealed when He told these Jewish women, who gloried in children, that it were better if their wombs were barren than to be overtaken with children in the time of vengeance and be obliged to see their sufferings.

The procession moves on; it reaches Calvary and there Jesus is crucified. Death is imminent; it is the time for parting and of sad farewells. Grown to the full stature of manhood, bearing the sins and burdens of humanity, doing the work of a God-Man, Jesus realizes that He is still a Child, the only Child of the sweetest of

Mothers. He knows the place He holds in her heart; He knows the void that shall be there when He dies. Out of the fullness of His sympathy and love, He gives her as a child that disciple who resembled Him most and through him all the children whom He has painfully borne.

**S**O we may believe that, as Jesus saw all children in one, He saw in the one Sorrowful Mother all the weeping mothers that mourn for children that are not. (MATT. 2:18.) It is a grief that His own Heart knows and understands and one for which He has not forgotten to provide comfort. He says to all such: "Woman, behold thy son." He does not point to the child of Adam that came in the flesh, but He shows to the eyes of Faith the new-born child of God, who basks in the love-light of the Mother's eyes and are safe in the home of the Father above.

## Christ in the Priest

By RICHARD LINN EDSELL

**C**HIS is my body, Christ whispers from within the Priest, and at His word a piece of bread becomes the God Who taught the stars to spin then hung on gallows with thorns dug in His head.

What if mankind rush thronging to the Feast, or a few dullards come to stare, and linger?—for He Who flames within the Host and Priest blots out the universe with His little finger.

What if a host of artists and of sages, or chimney sweeps, stream in to offer Mass?—He Who conceived Creation and the ages shines there unchanged while all our glories pass.

What if the Saints, fevered with fasts and prayer, or drunkards flushed with wine, kneel at the bell?—for He Who burns upon the altar there makes even Joseph stand in awe of Hell.

Still the unchanging Sacrifice goes on, and before Christ the Lamb kneels Christ the Priest in an endless chain of Masses, while the dawn comes round the world forever from the East.

# A Roman Friendship

THE MATTEOS IN GOD'S WORLD ARE NOT FEW

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

OME lures you into friendships no other city can engender and no other city can foster. Friendships which are just as Roman as they are cosmopolitan, like Rome is. Friendships, begun splendidly and simply by a spiritual handshake, a mood of shared ecstasy in the green groves of the Pincio, a moment's silence near San Pietro, a marvelously escaped accident along the narrow Vua Due Macelli, or even the need of a typewriting office. Tourists may come and tourists may go, they of alien faiths and lesser intimacies, but for those of her own hearth Rome has a warmth, a shelter and surprises, once encountered, never forgotten.

The need of a typewriting office! Rather a circuitous beginning this, but had it not been for this need, Matteo Storotti might never have happened in my life. For, badly wanting a brief manuscript typed and dispatched without delay, and being then an almost utter stranger to Rome's possibilities, I took my sheaf of notes and began wandering desultorily in search of some such office. Luck waited round the corner. The none too rapid click of a machine from a narrow doorway beckoned me inside. I scanned the sign over the door and crossed the threshold and saw Matteo. There was a girl there, too, some furniture, including an antediluvian Yost typewriter and piles of manuscript matter. There were colorful remains of a meal, which must have consisted chiefly of oranges and some brightly-green rabbit food. There was a lazy yellow cat and an old gun and an enormous generously tinted statue of the Madonna. There hung an aroma of stale rubber, invisibly spilt wine and oranges. And there was Matteo, his pale bony hands sorting papers, his crouching black-coated figure bent over a table, and his face, suddenly raised towards you, old wrinkled brown face, with two eyes which, though not too big, held the entire Rome in them. When you've said that, you've said all. And you slurred over the lesser details of the irregularly bridged nose, the large

beardless chin, the queer nerve trick of his left temple.

"Signorina?"

I explained my request in more or less intelligible Italian, handed over my little manuscript, and was asked to take a chair. The thin white faced girl removed a sheet of blue foolscap out of the ancient "Yost," inserted another and the measured click-click began.

And, waiting, I observed the "padrone," his quietness and his slow modulated ways. He finished sorting papers, dusted the table, patted the yellow cat, shifted his old gun, produced an enormous blue and white spotted handkerchief, and with a brief apology, removed the green and orange débris of the meal. Then he walked to the farthest end of his narrow office and from a hidden shelf brought out two old faded books. He felt sure I would be interested in engravings of old Rome and here was another — Ovid. Few words, fewer gestures, almost statu-esque in his dignity. And compelling, intriguing.

THE manuscript was typed. I tendered my fee. He towed me out into the scorchingly hot piazza. The very next day I came again. And then again—until the old Yost began clicking and clicking solely for my benefit.

The girl's typing was vile. Shamelessly enough would I praise her work. She never answered, and only months later did I discover that even in the kind heart of Rome deaf and dumb people, un-incomed and kinless, may find it difficult to find employment. Matteo did not tell me much about it. He was equally silent on the subject of those struggling hungry-looking "literati" who would leave their hastily-penned manuscripts on his table. The bargain ended with the typing. Matteo's ideas about payment were limited by no rules. But then, you see, his eyes hid Rome entire in them, and this Rome knows, like no one else, the quintessence of charity which re-

mains charity so long as it stays unrevealed.

"Signorina?"

A smile, a bow, a rapidly dusted chair, a courteously proffered book, a not too trite remark about the day's happenings, a word of thanks as I put the fee on the table—these made the pattern of my first visits.

Nothing much to grow enthusiastic about, one would say! Quite! Matteo did not stir one into enthusiastic moods. Wonderment thrives best on cool detached observations.

I took the man, his hapless little assistant, his proudly unscreened poverty, his manners and his attitudes and weighed them one by one. He emerged—surprisingly so—in every trivial gesture. He proffered revelations without number when other clients came in. Unmoneied and unemployed most of them. His speech grew a little more rapid (he made allowances for my foreign origin), his courtesy altered not a whit. The man served his kind like a brother or a king might serve.

I longed for him to talk and to talk more. But he was sparing in his words.

"This work is beautifully done, Signor Storotti."

"Signorina is always welcome, even as she is generous."

A pause would fall, whilst I lingered.

"You seem rather busy today."

"There is always work to be done and, thank God, I can do it. It is a great thing, Signorina, to be able to do work when others must have it done."

The thin white-faced girl would smile in her continued silence. The yellow cat purred. The blue and red Madonna calmed the room. And, calmed myself, I would go out.

A bigger chance came my way, however. In I walked to find the Padrone seated at the typing desk. His fingers refused to work quickly. He heard me enter and stood up.

"Your little signorina?" I mured.

"A great disaster," his face was clouded, "her heart was weak, Signorina. She had a bad attack

yesterday." He lowered his voice. "Is there any special work you want done, Signorina? I would do it gladly. But come not tomorrow. I shall not be here. The poor child must have a decent funeral. I must shut the office tomorrow."

His white thin fingers strayed on the ancient keyboard. My tongue was tied for a moment.

"I am terribly sorry," I brought out at last. "Please don't trouble about my work. Is there anything I can do?"

His old head shook very slowly. His black eyes seemed filmy. They reminded you of the exquisite piercing Pietà at San Silvestro. And his dignified reserve broke down for once!

"No, thank you very much, Signorina! There is nothing! My poor little Lucetta! She has been so kind, helped me so much! I am an old man, and I am a difficult man, Signorina, but she never changed. Always sweet. . . . And when work went badly . . . , " he made a telling gesture.

"Yours must be a hard life, Storri!" I murmured, reflecting on the all but useless "Yost" with its dusty, lustreless keyboard.

"A hard life? Why, no, Signorina! I make a living! Not much—true, but enough to be useful to a few others. And a friend gave me this machine, and another friend sent stationery, and the rent of this place is not high. But Lucetta kept it going." He turned away his head.

And as time went on, I realized that poor Lucetta had indeed been more than a typing clerk to Matteo. In ways you could not probably analyze. Orange rind would lie for days on the little table. Chairs, and even Madonna, gathered dust. The yellow cat purred rarely. And, coming in one afternoon, I missed the aroma of wine. A half-filled water jug told its tale. Matteo's fingers were not quick on the yellowed keys. Client's who could afford to pay, took their work elsewhere. Yet the serenity of his face remained unchanged.

You needed tact when broaching these matters to him. You needed more than common tact to add surreptitiously to his low-scaled fees. It was an effort to pretend enough to convince him that speed was an immaterial detail. Pretences were clear glass panes to him.

"You had better take your work to De Angelis on the Corso, Signorina," he pleaded, "I fear I am growing useless."

"I hate to think of hurry," I would fence, "I am here on my holiday. This work is just a hobby. Besides, I like to come."

This, at least, was no pretence, and he knew its truth.

Then, on a rainy day, sunshine poured into the narrow room. The black eyes gleamed. The chairs were dusted. Madonna looked freshened and brightened in her dazzling cloak. The room sparkled. A brand new typewriter added brilliance to the walls. And a new girl sat there, working it with astonishing rapidity.

She could hear and speak, so Matteo motioned me outside to impart his marvelous news.

"Is God not good always, Signorina? A friend I had not seen for years made money far, far away, and has sent me this machine as a present. And the little Signorina—she has been out of work for months, and just walked in yesterday. Of course, she is not like Lucetta, but still she can work."

"I am so glad, Matteo." I wrung his thin white hand. "Now no more clouds, eh?"

He sighed.

"Not for me, Signorina, but—ah—there are still so many other unfortunates."

We turned back into the little shop and waiting for my work, I saw a new customer enter, a small wizened black-clad man, with an unpleasantly tinted face and eyes which shifted. I can still see that face; not ugly, but—oh well, there is such a thing as immediate summing-up. The man fell into the category of folks to be avoided. His heavily-lidded eyes did it. Looked as though they hated light and endured it with little grace. He did not bare his head as he walked in. Matteo advanced towards him.

"Good day, Signor," he bowed courteously.

The greeting led to no response.

"Typing," dropped the stranger, in a heavy guttural voice. "Come here for a minute."

The new clerk raised her head and observed the queerly-mannered client. Suddenly her face flushed. She bent her eyes over her work. The man gave her a glance which was revealing enough. I guessed the two were no strangers to each other.

Matteo shrugged and followed the

client outside. I heard low whispers and a shuffle of papers. A moment later Matteo reentered, his quiet face a shade more thoughtful than usual. His first words were not for me, however.

"Signorina"—he walked up to the girl's desk—"the afternoon is hot. You have done enough work for today. I pray you to go home and have a rest."

The girl was sharp enough to sense the motive for the dismissal. She glanced towards me, a faint hint of hostility in her large eyes. I confess she evoked the same feeling in me. Her red jumper and white and scarlet striped skirt worked disharmony in the quiet room. And her face showed acquaintance with more than soap or water. She struck the wrong key for an unemployed.

She went. Matteo shut the door behind her and came back to me.

"SIGNORINA," he began, "I want your advice. There is something I do not understand and it is difficult to decide."

I waited.

"This man is my landlord really. I had not seen him till today. And, Signorina, those last months when my poor Lucetta was not feeling well, expenses were big. I could not pay the rent. I owe him for eight months. I am sure he has been very kind to wait so long. But he does not want to wait much longer. I do not blame him, but I have not the money to pay all at once. And he has brought me this big manuscript, and says that if I type it, he will consider the debt cancelled."

He paused.

"Are you not glad, Matteo?" I murmured.

He pursed his lips.

"I have some intuition, Signorina. I do not like the man, and I know I am not wrong. There is something about him that makes you feel glad you have great things to protect you—Christ's Church and His Mother. That man seems to love darkness and his eyes show it. Did you not notice, Signorina, how they shifted?"

I nodded.

"That was why I sent the girl home. I am no fool. She knows him, although she has told me she is a stranger in Rome. Well—perhaps she is right. The man is not of Rome. But, Signorina, I do not wish to keep you. This manuscript is in French. I cannot read it, but I do

not want to get it typed in my office unless I know what it is all about. Will you . . . Signorina . . . ?

"Of course, I will read it gladly," I cried. "I am quite free today. Would you mind if I read it here?"

I GLANCED at the manuscript; its bulk suggested an hour's reading, perhaps a little more.

"I was going to suggest it," he replied with his uneffortful courtesy. "Here. Let me bring this cushioned armchair forward, Signorina. Now you will be quite comfortable, and I do thank you for this kindness."

Ensconced in cushioned depths, I took up the neatly written manuscript. Matteo buried his head in an old book. The yellow cat sprang on the back of his chair and purred. The Madonna, scarlet and green, smiled calmly from her corner. Minutes fled, and I read on.

"Secret"—the huge red ink label on the front page gave a definite clue. I read on. The writing was clear. The style terribly easy to follow.

The rustling of the thin pale gray pages was the only sound to disturb the stillness in the little room, when the cat stopped its purring and fell asleep. Matteo never disturbed me. Nor did he observe me, for which I could not help feeling grateful. Because I shuddered, coming across certain passages. The last page scanned, I leant back on my cushions and closed my eyes. The terrible reading had wearied me all unawares.

"Is it a good book, Signorina?" I heard Matteo's question. I started, and looked at him rather helplessly. Evasions were futile, but I sensed that a true report of the manuscript would be laden with consequences. I kept silent. He read my reply in my face and in my silence, but he wanted more.

"Signorina," his voice was ominously quiet, though insistent, "I am sorry, but I have broken a promise in giving you this manuscript to read. You see, the man insisted on its being secret."

"I quite understand it," I murmured. "It's no book for public circulation, Matteo. I am sorry, but, no doubt, you want the truth. It's a vile thing from beginning to end. It's propaganda—really. He's not named the Devil once. Probably he's too clever for that, but . . ."

"I understand, Signorina," he said, quietly. "I have heard that there are such folks—putting the Evil One in

the sweet Christ's place—is it not so?"

He had guessed at the truth. I nodded silently.

"Well, thank you, Signorina." Matteo rose and put his book aside. "I am sorry you have had to read such vileness. But I did want to be sure. You see—even intuition plays a mistaken game sometimes."

"What are you going to do, Matteo?"

"But there is nothing except one thing to do, Signorina," he answered serenely, "let the Signor come and take this vile manuscript away."

"But your debt?"

"Does not come here at all," he said fierily. "One does not bargain with the God one believes in, Signorina. One just listens to Him—that is all."

Somehow further conversation seemed worse than futile. Equally so—all suggestions for help froze on my reluctant lips. I left him—deep in thought, the wretched manuscript on the floor in a corner, the brand-new typewriter gleaming on the table.

And the storm broke over his silvered head the next day. I got its version from his own lips.

"No, Signorina, he refused to wait. Ah—his face was ugly when I told him I could not get his work typed here. And I told the girl she need not come here any more. He shouted at me for having betrayed his secret. It was hard to confess to it. When an evil man gets angry, there is no room for justice and mercy in his soul. Just as there is no purity in his gladness."

He hung his head.

"So he told me to go, Signorina, and my furniture and the new typewriter will also go to him. I shall pay the rest of my debt out of my salary."

"Have you got a job?"

"I have written to a cousin near Albano. They want another laborer on their vineyard. I am going, Signorina."

Not even a hint of self-commiseration. Yet I guessed what he must have felt having to step from the independence of an employer into the rut of a hireling's daily routine!

"Matteo," I whispered, "I am more than sorry."

"You wrong me, Signorina, in feeling sorry. He is my landlord, and he needs the money, though he is a bad man. Yet God's justice could not

shine as it does, were it not for things like these."

"Where is God's justice?" I cried rebelliously. "You're driven out of your home, you have to give up your work—and all for what?"

"For belonging to my God and His Church," he smiled serenely. "Signorina, it is hard, I do not deny it is hard, but, after all, it was a chance given me by God."

So I left him, ruined, bespoiled of his little corner in the sunlit piazza in his beloved, his own Rome—left him to face a hard tail-end of life amidst the unfamiliar surroundings of manual labor. And, at the time I did imagine that Rome dealt unkindly by this son of hers, that God meted him a measure of bitterness in payment for the sweetness of his ways and his undaunted simply hewn faith. Yet this my imagining was but a mood of a moment, fraught with anger and tinted with regrets. Moods are transitory—which is another blessing of God the Generous.

Because out of this mood came a realization to be glad in and a memory to stay with me for a long, long while. One gladdening realization that this simple retiring worker of Rome's making was never so great, never so successful and victorious, as when he stood, contemplating ruin and spoilation, facing a harder life and the wreck of his modest venture. And a memory meant for strengthening and wonderment and gratitude. The Matteos in God's world are not few and far between, but they work hiddenly, so that one's chances of meeting them are precious in their very rarity. They wield an influence and they act like some potion of God's distilling over the dusty corners of one's heart.

OURISTS come and tourists go, many of them belonging to alien faiths, but for those from her own mystically flaming hearth Rome reserves enchantments and surprises and many a gladdening experience.

He who is sincere hath the easiest task in the world, for, truth being always consistent with itself, he is put to no trouble about his words and actions; it is like traveling in a plain road, which is sure to bring you to your journey's end better than byways in which many lose themselves.  
—J. BEAUMONT.

# Matthew the Tax Collector

SEVENTH OF A SERIES ON CHRIST'S TWELVE

IT is one of the triumphs of Christ and His religion that it so radically transforms native character. In what other religion would it be possible to find a man who wrote a whole book about events in which he played a prominent part and yet told just nothing about himself? The self-effacement of the Apostles is proverbial, certainly. Not any of them surpasses Matthew in that regard, for he is one of the two apostolic Evangelists, and yet we know almost nothing about him. His early life is largely matter for deduction from other things; his character and personality almost entirely so, and even his historical career after the Ascension of Christ is nearly a mystery.

One thing Matthew does tell his readers of himself; it is the character of his occupation before his call to the apostolate, and that he tells, probably, just because that occupation was in the eyes of the Jews for whom he wrote so completely odious. Tax collectors are not as a general thing the most popular people in any community, and Matthew was a Jewish tax collector for the Roman tyrant and, as such, specially hateful. That fact he tells; it is proof of his humility that he tells it, for the other Evangelists, apparently in their charity to their brother-Apostle, pass over the fact in silence.

His given name was Levi, his father's presumably Alpheus. He evidently lived at Capharnaum on Lake Genesareth. The town was the center of Roman government and taxation in Galilee and hence there was stationed there a garrison with a centurion and other officers, as well as the civil representatives of the Roman rulers of the universe. A staff of tax-gatherers there must have been, and it is probable that it was one of those subordinate positions that Levi or Matthew held. It

is quite probable that he had heard of Christ and possibly seen him in the streets of the town, for it was Christ's own city. The fame and wonderful deeds of the "new Prophet" must, therefore, have come to the ears of anybody so closely in-

By F. J. MUELLER



ST. MATTHEW

formed as the publican Levi was by his position compelled to be. It was part of his trade to know the state of things in the vicinity; it is hard to believe that Levi had heard nothing of Christ, though he may have dismissed the news of the Prophet as something that did not concern him much.

It did concern him as a Jew, to be

sure, but Levi by that time was a renegade Jew; he had to be, in order to act as a Roman tax official. Sitting at his desk one day, however, he sees Christ approach him, and when the Lord says to him "follow me" there is no hesitation about it. He is at once filled with admiration for the character of Christ; possibly he had seen some of the miracles of Christ in and around Capharnaum for himself and was ardently longing for a chance to ally himself with the Master that had arisen in Israel. He may not have abandoned his love for his own people, even though they hated and scorned him as a renegade in the pay of the Roman oppressor who made his living by oppressing his own people in turn.

AT ANY rate, no matter of what his previous state of mind, he tells us himself that Christ came to his side while he was sitting at "the receipt of custom" and invited him to a rather vague future. "Come, follow me," he hears, and, at once leaving his position and all his earthly prospects, possibly abandoning a very considerable fortune, certainly resigning a lucrative official position, he follows after the Master Who had not whereon to lay His head. He leaves all to follow Christ, just as readily, with the same spontaneity of trust and confidence, as the fisherman Apostles of Bethsaida.

There is a significant fact about the vocation of Matthew that deserves to be noted. His call to the apostolate represents a distinct act of defiance to public opinion on the part of Christ. Hitherto, his followers had been chosen from the humbler walks of life. There had been no men of wealth, no men of official position, among those to whom that invitation to come and follow Him had been directly spoken. Fishermen most of them were, and such like—men of manual labor. Christ's position was

most secure as the friend and associate of the poor amongst the Jews. The time had come, it would appear, when He must point out with public emphasis that there was no class of mankind who were to be forever excluded from His kingdom.

**G**RUE, He was not yet prepared to demonstrate that He had come to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews; even His Apostles were a long time in making up their minds to that. But the choice of a person so much contemned as a publican, a Roman tax collector, as one of His special friends and disciples must have come with a shock to a considerable part of the community. One wonders, incidentally, what some of the other Apostles thought of it, for they were nothing if not patriotic Jews, and it was the avowed duty and purpose of every Jew who cared for his country and its interests at all to despise and expel the Roman and all his works and pomps whenever and wherever that might prove practicable. And here, in the public streets to make it more conspicuous, the newly announced Messias Who claimed allegiance as the King of the Jews, selects a member of the most hated class in Galilean society to act as one of His immediate company. A Roman official, to begin with, a Jewish-Roman official to make matters worse, a tax collector who was regarded as battenning on the misery and misfortune of others!

What more despicable member of Jewish society could Christ find to call to the apostolate! That is what is implied in Matthew's humble designation of himself as a publican in the Gospel that he wrote for the Jewish converts. The other Evangelists spare him that; he speaks it frankly and honestly and honorably. He must have no shade of false pretense in his glorification of his Master, Who could make even the proverbial figure of Jewish contempt into a Christian Apostle and priest.

It is Matthew, too, who tells of the banquet he gave after his conversion to Christ, a banquet that Christ attended. It seems to have been a public farewell to his former friends and companions. And again the Evangelist's humility of spirit shows itself, for he states very specifically that "many publicans and sinners came and sat down with Jesus and His disciples." It is not surprising

that tax officials and harlots should be the sort of people that came to Matthew's banquet — they were the only friends Matthew had. And when the Pharisees with their usual hypocrisy murmured against Christ for eating with the riff-raff of the town, Christ rebuked them with the consolatory words: "I am not come to call the just, but sinners."

That banquet marked the end of Matthew's career as a Roman official; thereafter, he was a friend and companion of Christ in His wanderings. He witnessed the mighty deeds of Christ during the rest of His public life. He saw the institution of the Blessed Eucharist and heard the divine mandate: "Do this in commemoration of me" that made him priest along with the other Apostles. He ran away from the fracas in the Garden when Judas came, along with the others; he saw the Risen Lord after Easter as did the others. Like them, too, he carried out the preaching commission Christ had given them, and while there is no certain record that tells the time and place and manner of his death, it is traditional that he is no exception to the general rule in the ranks of the Apostles. All of them gained the martyr's palm as well as the Apostle's crown; all of them witnessed with their lives to the faith in Christ Crucified that they preached by word and example as long as either was permitted to them.

The little that is known of Matthew he has told us himself. His name, his occupation, his despicable friends and associates — these he records himself in his humility; the rest of his record — and it must needs, as an Apostle of Christ's, have contained much that would have redounded to his everlasting credit amongst men, he conceals.

There is one salient point of his character, however, that he could not conceal in his narrative of the life of Christ, namely, his intense patriotism. His love for the Jewish people and his whole-souled devotion to their conversion from their Judaic error to Christian truth stands out in nearly every line of the Gospel he wrote. He wrote it specifically for Jewish converts, probably before he left his own people to travel to the Gentiles who were still to be evangelized. That purpose is stamped deep on the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

It was, presumably at least though

the original is not extant, first written in Hebrew. The genealogy with which it opens traces the descent of Christ through Abraham and David. The prophecies are quoted far more generously by Matthew than by any other of the Evangelists. For example, there are in Matthew's document seventy references to the Old Testament, as compared with twelve in John's. It is Matthew preëminently who puts the argument from the prophecies for the Divinity of Christ and His mission on earth. It is Matthew who argued especially for those who had been acquainted with all those forty centuries of expectation of the Redeemer who should restore the kingdom of David and Solomon.

But he is not in any sense narrow; Matthew is no bigot. He had learned the lesson of Christ's Catholic mission. He closes his Gospel with the words of Christ that form the charter of the Church's universality: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Matthew had risen above the narrow interpretation of Christ's Kingdom on earth. He no longer believed, as he had once believed in good enough company, that it was the physical and political kingdom of David and Solomon that Christ had come to earth to reëstablish in all its former splendor and power. He knew by that time that it was no restricted little body of men that Christ had come to save from oppression, that it was not specifically the Roman oppression he had come to overthrow and not only the Jewish spirit he had come to liberate. He had realized thoroughly, under the tutelage of his Master, that the Kingdom of God was on the earth but not earthly, that it was the spirit of man that He had come to free through the complete truth of revealed religion, and that it was the tyranny of Rome but of Satan and Hell that He had come to break.

Hence, the apostolic career that had begun in nationalistic narrowness of outlook closed on the universal note. The man who had begun as a collector of Roman taxes in Galilee ended as a preacher of the universal kingdom of Christ.

# The Old Timer

WHO WANTED SOMETHING AS BIG AS THE WORLD

By JAMES B. YELANTS

Two RIVERS is a smart city now. Its women folk reckon they have the latest styles from Paris and London and for all I know they may be right. The men are of the same sort—immaculate neckwear, creased trousers and the like. Very different to what it was in the old days when Bud Mason first struck the town. Rough? Well, I should say!

There was life in Two Rivers then. We were sorting things out and no one knew what would come out top—ranching, farming, timber-mills, mining or railroad-yards. Everybody speculated and it was pitch and toss who won or lost for none of us knew much about the things we were speculating in or what the possibilities of the location were. Some said it would become a great mining center, others bet on the cattle industry while certain of the boys who professed to be in the know prophesied that the railroad company were going to set up engine shops in our midst. But nobody knew.

Likewise we were sorting ourselves out. Most of us were young to the business of life and hadn't got the hang of our respective makeups. It takes some time and a little experimenting for a man to find out what he's *for*. We tried cattle-dealing, store-keeping, newspaper work and law by turns till we found our niche. It was sure a kaleidoscopic kind of community. They called us settlers but that's the last thing we were. A more unsettled lot of fellows I never struck. And Bud Mason was the same as the rest of us.

He might have had a bit more college education than the other boys, though I reckon he'd forgotten most of what he'd ever learned. But a man that's been to college, I've noticed, is never quite the same as before, like a colt that's been broken in and then turned out on the prairie. Anyway, Bud was just one of us for all that he'd scraped acquaintance with the ologies. Must have had wild blood in his veins, I think. A hefty fellow, able to do as good a day's work with the shovel as the rest of the section men he lived with

when he first came out. He took to cow-punching after that for awhile, then set off prospecting in the mountains, came back stone-broke and went into partnership with Sid Logan in a small tobacco store, corner of Main Street and Houston Avenue. The store wasn't a success, but that didn't seem to matter to Bud.

"It isn't business I'm after," I used to hear him say, "it's experience. Time enough for business later on. I've got to have a look round the world before I settle down to make money." Those pioneer conditions suited him. All the rest of the boys were mad to see the place grow and welcomed every fresh sign of increasing civilization; not because they were keen on civilization, but it meant a larger turnover. Bud, however, was different.

"When Two Rivers gets civilized," he'd say, "I shift camp."

Seeing that that was his feeling, it was queer that he should stay on to witness the city's increasing prosperity. As you may guess there was a woman in the case. There's nothing anchors a man like that. Hetty Lange was enough to anchor a man anywhere. The next thing we knew was that he'd set up store-keeping on his own account. When this new venture showed signs of prospering, he married Hetty.

For all that he'd given hostages to Fortune he didn't surrender to the new order of things that was overtaking the pioneer community, but it was a hard fight. His little store was soon dwarfed by the Gazette Building on the one side and the Western Emporium Company on the other side. Yet he wouldn't shift or enlarge. Said that he liked to stick to the old shanty for the sake of the times he'd had in it! That was sort of typical. He himself, as well as his store, was being crowded out. The outfit he'd known had followed the Wanderer's Trail, going further west and leaving him behind. Customs were changing, too. Trolley cars ran in the street where cowboys used to

gallop their cayuses. An opera house and two or three new churches went up. Two Rivers was sweeping out the signs of its hectic youth and becoming respectable. The time came when Bud, not now as sinewy and sunburnt as he had been, seemed the last relic of those old pioneer days. But there was one other survivor, Father Nolan, the Catholic priest.

He had been there from the beginning. Bud Mason had known him slightly but never had much truck with him in the days of Two Rivers' youth, not being that sort. And there was something about the priest that always puzzled him.

"He's not like us," he'd say. "Here are we floundering around, not knowing what we want or how to get it. We're here today and there tomorrow. But he seems to know what he's up to. Seems as he'd some sort of settled philosophy so that things don't trouble him like they do us. He's got his business and does it without any fuss. I reckon he knows what he wants and how to set about it. But it's queer."

At another time he'd remark, "That fellow Nolan now, up at the Cath'lic church. I cain't figure him out. He's independent of this outfit yet he don't hold himself aloof. Takes an interest in us. Seems to understand us, too, better'n we understand ourselves. I should say there's room for such as us in his view of things. Takes us calmly and ain't shocked at our wildness. That's what I mean."

Gradually, as the others took their several ways and left these two representatives of earlier times to themselves, they drew together. As Bud's wife was a Catholic that wasn't so difficult.

"Mind the time, Father, when the opera house was a little shanty where Jake Sibthorpe sold whisky?" Bud would say. "I do that," would be the reply, "man-killing stuff it was, too." "Where's Jake now?" the priest would ask. "Bar-tending in Frisco, by all accounts." "Most of the boys we knew in the old times have cleared out." "Pretty near all, Father. Just us left." "Good times they were," the priest would observe.

"Sure. We two could tell these greenies some yarns."

Then Father Nolan would remove his pipe and chuckle, and the two would look at each other, their eyes twinkling. They enjoyed these reminiscent chats. In one another's company they felt young again. More and more did the anchored storekeeper seek the old priest's society. It enabled him to recover the tang of youthful adventure. It was almost pitiable to see the way that modern civilization seemed to be squeezing the life out of him.

"Look at these picture houses," he'd say, when that kind of thing first made its appearance in Two Rivers. "A lot of guys that never saw the real thing crowding in to look at toy cowboys. They couldn't ride a rocking-horse themselves. It makes me sick, the way the world's going. Folk are content now to see pictures of other folk doing things instead of doing them themselves."

"It's queer," he'd say to his wife afterwards, "that priest of yours, for all that he is a priest, seems to have more of the old spirit about him than anyone else in the city. Maybe," he added thoughtfully, "it's his religion. It's something of an adventure to be a Catholic, let alone a priest. I'll grant that. I don't hold with these side-shows in the religion business. They're too tame. Now the Mass—that's calc'lated to stir a fellow's feelings, if he's got any. And the Crucifix, and the Stations as you call them, Cath'lics ain't afraid of the sight of blood. I heard Father Nolan preach once on "the Precious Blood." I reckon your religion goes back to a time when the world was what you might call brutal. None of your pretty-pretties about that old Roman Empire. A religion that could stand up to Caesar had to have some grit in it."

He thought over this some while and then he added, "It isn't strange, when you come to think of it, that a Cath'lic priest should suit an old timer like me. Why, his Church is the oldest old timer in the world. It belongs to an age when the world was young and adventurous and before this money-grubbing craze got hold of us. I begin to understand how it was we couldn't shock him with any of our wild doings. A man that's looking often at that Crucifix isn't going to be scared by what a crowd of young devil-may-care cow-punchers do. It stands to reason, if

he can stand that he can stand anything."

It wasn't long after this that to Hetty's joy he made up his mind to join her as a member of the Holy Catholic Church. The letter he wrote to Father Nolan on the occasion (he said he'd rather put his request in writing because he could express himself better that way) may be worth quoting. Among other things, he wrote:

"I suppose this modern world that's growing up around me is all right in its way. Civilization's bound to come, and maybe that's a good thing. I'm not grumbling. As I grow older, however, I want more and more to get away from the crowded sidewalks and the electric lights and all the artificiality of city life. Sometimes I think I'd like to head for the prairie again, so's I could see the stars once more and hear the wind in the grass and feel my knees grip a saddle. But I'm too old for that; besides it wouldn't satisfy like it did once. Looks though as if I'd got to discover something that isn't merely respectable

and nice but is downright real, as an escape.

"For that reason its been good to talk with you about old times. It sure was a relief to be able to yarn with someone who remembered them. You were a kind of door by which I could get away from the Two Rivers of the present with its smooth ways. But I've come to feel that it's not only Two Rivers I've got to get away from but, something that's as big as the world itself, and it seems to me that in your Church I've found an old timer (I don't mean to be irreverent) that's come through rough days and can remember and talk about the glory that once made this world the scene of the biggest adventure there ever was. When I look at that Crucifix every other adventure seems tame. It takes me back to the good old heroic times when God shed His Blood for the likes of me."

"I haven't put this the way the catechism would put it. I've just put it my way. Perhaps that don't matter.

"Anyway, Father, I want to join your Church . . ."

## Personalities of the Month

WHO WERE BORN OR DIED IN FEBRUARY

By J. PHILLIPS SCOTT

**SAINT GABRIEL**  
*Patron of Catholic Youth*

**S**IDE by side with the present day mania for writing "debunking" biographies which tell the plain unvarnished truth about our popular heroes and heroines, there has arisen a school of Catholic hagiographers whose main purpose seems to be to strip the life stories of certain saints of all the over-pious legends and extravagant anecdote which have grown up around them and made them so unappealing to the modern mind. The story of St. Gabriel needs no "debunking." His path to sainthood was a very ordinary one; encouragingly commonplace. No visions, no ecstasies, no miracles—nothing of the marvelous.

St. Gabriel was born in Assisi, in 1838, the eleventh child of Francis Possenti the Papal Governor. In

baptism he received the name of Francis, the patron of the place. As a boy he showed no signs of his future sanctity. He was just as any lively, normal, "real" boy of today. He was mischievous, a lover of sports, full of adventure, and often quick to anger. He attended the school of the Christian Brothers and later the College of the Jesuits at Spoleto, where he graduated with highest honors at the early age of eighteen.

As son of a socially prominent family he had entrance to the most exclusive social circles of the large city in which he lived. The youthful Francis was soon engulfed in a whirl of pleasure, excitement, and fashion. He was definitely a member of the "smart set" of Spoleto, and because of his magnetic personality, charm of manner, and vivaciousness of spirit, a great favorite. Despite this love for pleasure and the joys of youth,

Francis was ever faithful and regular in his religious duties. His thorough Catholic school training stood him in good stead, and added to his natural nobility and wholesomeness of character, kept him from leading a life of utter worldliness, whose climax might have been ultimate moral ruin.

Moreover, at the peak of his gay life God chose to draw this attractive young man to Himself by means of that mysterious thing we call a vocation. He forsook the sweet world, and in September, 1856, he entered the novitiate of the Passionist Fathers, received the habit, and changed his name from Francis Posenti to Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows. One year later he took his vows and began his studies for the priesthood.

In 1859 he was prostrated by an illness which forced him to give up his studies. After long months of pain and suffering patiently borne, this young religious died at the early age of twenty-four, on February 27, 1862, at the Passionist Monastery at Isola del Gran Sasso.

He was buried, and apparently forgotten. Some years later reports began to reach Rome about many miraculous cures obtained by the people of Isola through the intercession of a young Passionist who had recently died, and whom they regarded as a saint—why, is a mystery never to be solved—because these people could not possibly have known him during his short religious life. These reports led to an official investigation that resulted in his solemn canonization in 1920.

His spiritual director, when asked if Gabriel had ever done anything extraordinary during his six years as a Passionist, replied: "No, nothing, except that during his last illness there were some signs of supernatural gifts. No, he simply observed the Passionist Rule with the utmost exactness and loved Jesus and Mary with all his heart."

Recently the present Pope, Pius XI, has made St. Gabriel the patron of Italian youth.

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#### MARGARET HAUGHERY *Mother of the Orphans*

HERE are so many candidates for our hero worship today that the story of this great hearted woman, so little known, comes not amiss. Margaret Gaffney was born in Cavan, Ireland, about 1814 and came to

America shortly after, with her parents who settled in Baltimore. Both mother and father, however, died in 1822, leaving the little girl to her own resources. A kind-hearted Welsh family adopted her some time later. In 1835 she married Charles Haughery and went with him to New Orleans. Death again deprived her of her home, when both her husband and infant child died the following year. She secured work in the city orphan asylum, where she began her great career of charity. When the little unfortunate were without food she bought it for them out of her meagre savings. The huge Female Orphan Asylum of the Sisters of Charity which was built in 1840 was practically the result of Margaret Haughery's work, for she cleared it of debt by her donations and begging.

About this time she established a dairy business and used to drive around the city delivering milk to the poor and needy herself; later she opened a bakery and for years continued her rounds with the bread cart. Although she provided for countless orphans, fed the poor, and gave large sums to charity, her resources grew wonderfully and Margaret's bakery (the first steam bakery in the South), became quite famous. She braved General Butler during the Civil War, and obtained permission to carry a cargo of flour for bread for her orphans across the lines. The Confederate prisoners were the objects of her special solicitude.

Seated in the doorway of her bakery, situated in the heart of the city, Margaret Haughery came to be an integral part of its life, for besides the poor who came to her continually, she was consulted by men and women of all ranks about their business affairs, her wisdom having become proverbial. "Our Margaret" the people of New Orleans affectionately called her. When she died, February 8, 1882, her death was announced in all the newspapers as a public calamity. All New Orleans, headed by the Archbishop, the Mayor, and the Governor of Louisiana attended the funeral of this noble woman, who could scarcely read and write, but who was mistress of a science higher than that of the universities.

She was buried in the same grave with Sister Mary Francis Regis, the Sister of Charity with whom she had co-operated in most of her work for the poor. In a little park called

Margaret Place, there is a statue of this heroic charity worker (one of the very few monuments erected to a woman in the United States), showing her with a protecting arm about a tiny orphan child. The inscription reads simply: "Margaret."

\* \* \* \* \*  
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER  
*Poet and Convert*

WHAT heart has not thrilled to the plaintive strains and appealing sentiments of "A Lost Chord"? The author of this great poem, Adelaide Procter, was born in London, England, in 1825. Her father was the celebrated poet, Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), friend of many of the leading lights of literary England. As a child Miss Procter manifested precocious intelligence. She showed marked proficiency as a linguist, was an accomplished musician, and dabbled a bit in art. At an early age she began composing verses, and at eighteen was a regular contributor to the "Book of Beauty." In 1851 she became a Catholic. In 1853 she sent a short poem to "Household Words." It so pleased the editor, Charles Dickens, also an intimate of her father's, that he not only accepted it at once but solicited further contributions from this young writer. At this time he did not know who she was, as she wrote under the pseudonym of "Mary Berwick." In 1860 her poems were collected and published in two series under the title of "Legends and Lyrics." By 1866 they had run through ten editions, and in that year they were once more reprinted with an introduction by Dickens.

Miss Procter did a great amount of practical charity work besides her literary labors. In 1859 she served as a member of a committee for providing employment to women. She was an especially indefatigable worker in endeavoring to raise up the fallen ones of her own sex. In 1862 she published a slender sheaf of her own poems, "A Chaplet of Verses," mostly of a religious turn, for the benefit of the Providence Row Night Refuge for Homeless Women. This noble and self-sacrificing work for charity taxed her never robust constitution unduly, and her health gave way under the strain. Several cures were tried in vain; and, after an illness of fifteen months, she died calmly at her home in London, February 2, 1864.

Charles Dickens, speaking of her says, "She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature." Her works were published many times in America and translated into German. In 1877 her poems were in greater demand in England than those of any other living writer except Tennyson.

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**JORIS KARL HUYSMANS**  
*Novelist and Convert*

**G**THE literary world hails J. K. Huysmans as a realist, par excellence, because of his first books which were quite immoral, and professed to show all that is most base and vile in human nature. When, however, he became a Catholic, he treated of the "one real thing" in life, and wrote realistic books about the Catholic Church, the religious art of the Middle Ages, and mysticism. These latter works (with, perhaps, the exception of "The Cathedral") are dismissed by the literati as hopelessly unreal. A strange word, reality.

Born in Paris on February 5, 1848, this great novelist and penitent was educated at the Lycee Saint-Louis. During the Franco-Prussian war his loyal services and bravery in action won for him the coveted Cross of the Legion of Honor. After the war he resumed his duties at his post in the Ministry of the Interior, where he remained until 1897. Besides the obligations of his administrative position, Huysmans worked prodigiously at his literary interests. He was one of the ten founders of the Goncourt Academy, to the presidency of which he was elected in 1900. Of his manner of life during these years; of the many books and papers which he wrote and had published; and of his ideals and doctrine, the less said the better.

Some time in 1895 he went to spend a week at the Trappist Monastery of Issigny. The calm, peaceful life of the monks impressed the worldly Huysmans very deeply. "En Route" written that same year, shows the great change that then took place in his life. Not long after that he made open profession of Catholicism, resigned his position in the Ministry of the Interior, retired to Liguge, and took up his abode in a

small house near the Benedictine Monastery. Shortly after, when the monks were expelled, he returned to Paris where he died in 1907.

During the twelve years which remained to him, after his conversion, he worked indefatigably in the defence for the faith which came to him so late in life. The most famous of his books during this period are "La Cathédral," and "Les Foules de Lourdes" his great reply to Zola. Few men have had clearer power of vision, and no man took greater pleasure in looking and in seeing. One may therefore understand the torture that he must have felt when just before his death owing to an affliction of his eyes, it became necessary to sew his eyelids shut. This humble penitent, however, in his great piety, believed that those eyes with which he had seen so many beautiful things, and through which he had received so much pleasure, were taken from him by Almighty God as a means of enforcing penitence. Of Dutch origin, he shows in his works the temperament of a great colorist and often suggests a painting by Rembrandt or Rubens.

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**JOHN GILMARY SHEA**  
*American Historian*

**G**HIS oft quoted and most reliable Catholic American historian was born in New York July 22, 1824. As a child he was taught by the Sisters of Charity, and later graduated from the Columbia College Grammar School, of which his father was principal. When a youth he became clerk in the office of a Spanish merchant, where he learned to speak, read, and write this language fluently. After taking a law course he was admitted to the bar in 1846. The following year he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Fordham. He left the order in 1852, but during his years as a Jesuit a taste for literary and historical studies was developed, with the consequence that soon after, he began a systematic study of the early Indian missions in America. The results of his research were printed in a series of articles in the "United States Catholic Magazine," published in Baltimore.

Shea's first publication of any note was "The Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley with the original narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membre, Hennepin, and

Anastase Douay." The Westminster Review called it a "most valuable and interesting volume" and the London Athenaeum praised it highly. In 1854 he brought out a history of the missions from 1529 to 1854. This was a work of immense labor and research.

In the "Cramoisy Series" of twenty-six volumes he initiated the republication of many rare and valuable pamphlets touching upon the voyages of the early explorers to America. About this time he also edited a Challoner's Bible. In 1860 appeared his first volume of fifteen in the "Library of American Linguists," which were grammars and dictionaries of the Indian languages. Shea compiled numerous local histories and several school textbooks, besides many translations and adaptations. He contributed to all the leading magazines, both of historical and literary interest. For several years he edited the "Catholic Directory and Almanac" and founded and was first editor of the "United States Catholic Historical Magazine."

The articles on the Indians in the Encyclopedia Britannica and in the American Encyclopedia are his contributions, and he was looked upon by all as the greatest authority on everything pertaining to the American aborigines. In 1883 Notre Dame University awarded him the first Laetare Medal. He died on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1892.

From the natural course of things vicious actions are, to a great degree, actually punished as mischievous to society. It is necessary to the very being of society, that vices destructive of it, should be punished as being so; which punishment therefore is as natural as society, and so is an instance of a kind of moral government, naturally established, and actually taking place. And since the certain natural course of things is the conduct of Providence or the government of God, though carried on by the instrumentality of men, the observation here made amounts to this, that mankind find themselves placed by Him in such circumstances, as that they are unavoidably accountable for their behavior, and are often punished, and sometimes rewarded, under His government, in the view of their being mischievous or eminently beneficial to society. — BUTLER'S ANALOGY.

# "Red Mexico"

## A REVIEW OF CAPTAIN McCULLAGH'S BOOK

**R**ED MEXICO" is a brave book; its author Captain Francis McCullagh is honest, well informed and fearless; and the publishers, Louis Carrier, deserve great praise for their courage and cheerful optimism in daring to bring forth such a book at this time.

This startling, straightforward narrative is divided into four parts: (1) Why Mexico has such a bad Government; (2) The Persecutors; (3) The Martyrs; and (4) Mexico and America.

In the very first pages of the story where Captain McCullagh asserts that Mexico is "practically in a condition of dependence on the United States," and again "that Mexico will eventually fall under some sort of American protectorate seems fairly certain," to the very final paragraph in which he declares that the only person to benefit by the death of Obregon and subsequent election of Portes Gil, is Plutarco Elias Calles, this book is crammed with an astounding array of facts and disclosures concerning Mexico, the Mexican Government, and the Mexican people. Moreover, every single one of these sensational statements is fortified either by personal experience or by documentary evidence, both contemporary and historical. Recourse is even had to the archives of the State Department in Washington.

The chain of events leading up to the present sad state of affairs in Mexico is traced right to the forging of the first bitter link—an occurrence whose telling may open the eyes of more than one American citizen. With the pen of the trained newspaper correspondent Captain McCullagh graphically describes the bloody atrocities of Calles and his heartless henchmen. The chapter headed "Mass before Dawn" is both beautiful and moving, while his poignant story of Father Pro, his brother and companions, is classic. And the vivid, pity provoking pen pictures of the horrors of *Las Islas Marias* quite outdo the descriptions of Devil's Island, as given us by Mrs. Blair Niles.

Part Four, entitled "Mexico and

By PHILIP F. JOHNSON

America," is or should be for most Americans, at once illuminating and mortifying. In one strong, well chosen, harsh word Captain McCullagh expresses the policy of the United States regarding Mexico: Interference. A second time he refers to it as "hysterical interference," and in another place he characterizes it as "Machiavellian intrusion." Behind this interference are three motivating factors. They are not, as one might well expect from this great Christian nation, Liberty, Democracy, and Humanity, but OIL, FINANCE, and IGNORANCE.

Captain McCullagh exculpates the great American public as being kept in blissful ignorance of the true conditions of Mexico. But this same blamelessness can hardly be attributed to the State Department, whose weaknesses in organization and lack of any permanent foreign policy the author ridicules scathingly. The Oil Barons and the financiers are the only Americans interested in Mexico. Even our present ambassador is a Wall Street man. Crooked politics again blot the escutcheon of our Government, and if the American oil or financial interests demanded inter-

vention in Mexican affairs tomorrow, it would no sooner be said than done. Certainly, it would seem that OIL has been a big enough bogey in American politics.

The entire American press is indicted in a sweeping denunciation entitled "The Strange Silence of the American Press." Here also, the author makes a few salient remarks anent the general decline of true journalism and the abandonment of old standards for bribery, pornography, and partisanship.

Clever, cosmopolitan, adventurous and supremely daring journalist that he has ever been, Captain McCullagh gives us in "Red Mexico" a thrilling story which betrays his vast knowledge of men, nations, and world affairs, all of which has been ripened by the years and embellished with personal contacts. His uncanny ability to get news, to enter forbidden portals, and to buttonhole elusive personages stamps him as a newspaper correspondent par excellence. He well deserves the distinction of being one of the last of that great corps of news correspondents whose roster bears such names as Philip Gibbs, Richard Davis, and H. W. Nevins.

Throughout the entire book his rapid fire, intimate, reportorial (not in the disparaging sense of that word) style is kept up, and the narrative never lags for an instant. Perhaps the most striking thing about this altogether remarkable volume is the militant, unashamed Catholicism displayed by its talented author. Not that this is in any sense an apologetic work or, least of all, Catholic propaganda. Captain McCullagh, however, is both a fervent Catholic and a true Irishman and hence, high-minded, liberty loving, and impartial.

"Red Mexico" is a book deserving of a wide sale and a large reading public, both on account of its intrinsic merits and the appeal it should make to the people. Its success is to be doubted, nevertheless, and it will not be a bit surprising if it shares the fate of preceding works which have told the truth about Mexico. For this reason we once more congratulate both author and publisher.

# The Church

## AND THE SOCIAL ORDER

THE peoples of our western civilization are today politically and economically divided into three camps, the Industrialists (or advocates of big capitalists), the Peasants (or advocates of small capitalists), and the Socialists (who are also industrialists, but advocate one super-capitalist, namely, the State).

In England the terms generally used are Capitalists, Distributists (when small owners are thought of at all in this country) and Labor; the last term is misleading as tending entirely to equate Labor with Socialism—a gross error. Distributists generally vote and support Labor but are violently anti-Socialist.

Let it be clearly understood at once that the Catholic Church is indifferent both to forms of government and to economic systems. An absolute monarchy, an aristocracy, a democracy are all one to her provided they rule according to the dictates of religion and justice in the interests of the community at large, for which purpose alone civil governments exist. And so with economic systems; if they work normally without injustice or spiritual harm to the people generally, the Church does not discriminate between them.

In England today Big Capitalism (with its necessary concomitant of Industrialism) holds the field; Labor, with a strong Socialist element, advances swiftly. Has the Church anything to say about either of these systems? Of the systems in themselves, no! Of their effects, much.

After fifteen years of examination and preparation, Pope Leo XIII on May 15, 1891, published his Encyclical Letter, *Rerum Novarum*, on the Condition of the Working Classes, and by this document he "identified the Church with the masses, not only collectively, but also individually." He asserted clearly that everyone has a right to a comfortable (but not luxurious or easy) life, and declared as clearly that "a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself."

After stating the problem, he ex-

By DONALD ATTWATER

amined the transfer of ownership to the State as a remedy; and rejected it, on humane, philosophical and religious grounds. He then set out the remedy by: I, action of the Church, which should use all its religious influence; II, action of the State, which should remember that it exists for all its members; and III, action of employers and employed, by co-operation, and by associations of workers. Be it noted that trades-unions in themselves and just strikes have Catholic sanction; it is for the ecclesiastical authority to decide the justice or injustice of a strike.

*Rerum Novarum* has been claimed as a condemnation of the present Capitalist system. It was not that, but it was a heavy indictment of its methods and results. Nor, on the other hand, was Socialism explicitly condemned, if only for the reason that there are so many varieties of it. Nevertheless, no Catholic is free to associate himself with any form of Socialism which condemns the holding of private property as wrong in itself, for it was expressly declared that "Every man has by nature the right to possess property as his own (both chattels and land) . . . to have and to hold them in stable and permanent possession."

Not only that. Pope Leo further urged on States that they should favor ownership and that their policies should induce as many as possible of the humbler class to become owners of goods and land.

The Church will not condemn those moderate forms of Socialism which keep clear of heresies about the essential wickedness of private property, for neither system is in itself opposed to Christian religious principles. Nevertheless, the results of the one, as exemplified in England, and of the other, as exemplified in Russia, are so clearly in conflict with Christianity, that we may reasonably suppose that the Church would be glad to get rid of both of them. But it will not be by direct action.

It is frequently said that the Church killed slavery. So it did. But there have been no ecclesiastical laws directed against it nor, on a strict interpretation, is it against the law of nature. But in itself and in its results it was so out of harmony with the spirit of Christ that His Church, simply by influence, has compassed the death of chattel-slavery in Christendom.

Many of the results of Capitalism and Industrialism are as un-Christian as any that slavery could show! in addition, just as slavery diminished or destroyed the responsibility of the individual, so does Capitalism in its industrial aspects do the like. The conclusion seems justified that "the note of Catholicism being the responsibility of the individual, the effect of the influence of the Church will be the diminution and eventually the abandonment of Capitalism: for the two cannot permanently co-exist."

That the Church's influence is, and will be, directed against extreme Socialism and Communism (where the consideration of diminution of individual responsibility also obtains) I have already pointed out. The conclusion, supported so strongly by *Rerum Novarum* and the experience of past centuries, would seem to be unavoidable, that the Catholic Church views, and will continue to view, with favor the elimination of the big capitalist, the discouragement of State ownership, and the increase of small landowners, small manufacturers, private shop-keepers and other forms of individual and family enterprise.

In the meantime, the support and encouragement which the Church has so noticeably given to the working-classes during the past fifty years will continue; and it is worth noting, as a sign of the times, the number of Catholics actively and responsibly engaged in the Labor movement in England. For the rest "since religion alone can avail to destroy the evil at its root, all men should rest persuaded that the main thing needful is to return to real Christianity, apart from which all the plans and devices of the wisest will prove of little avail."—LEO. XIII.

# OUR JUNIOR READERS



"PECK! Peck! Peck-peck-peck!"

At that very last peck young Master Picus decided to see the world. His brothers and sisters had all gone before him, but he was quite the tiniest of them, so Father and Mother Woodpecker did not urge him. But even they were away now, unable probably to resist the balmy summer sunshine. Master Picus (that was his family name), turned his red-tufted head on his beautiful feathery neck, while his sharp eyes pierced the forest.

Once again he tried his wings. They seemed stronger. The young woodpecker soared a little into the sky. Perhaps he could reach that faint disc which at night mellowed into a yellow moon. But he changed his mind and swooped to the ground. There ambled along a horde of ants. Like a flash young Picus stretched out his long barbed tongue and gathered in a half dozen. This was a fine feast, and quick as he could swallow these he intended to gobble down the rest of the colony. But the little ants scampered away, digging into the ground.

It was a glorious afternoon and orioles and robins were singing all about it. Master Picus could not sing but he spread his wings and went floating up again. Though he did not suspect it he was quite the loveliest creature abroad the forest that day. His wings were streaked golden, his whole body tinted in russet shades with sparks of gold, and at the base of his alert little head a great mound of scarlet. It was wonderful sailing through the trees, every once in a while stopping, while his "Peck! Peck!" echoed through the woods. Little Picus never dreamed of danger. The world was too full of beauty and peace.

Again he floated to the ground and

## Master Picus

By MARY DODGE TENEYCK

danger stole towards him. Danger was long and gray, of sneaky steps, yellow eyes with black, vertical pupils. Danger was soft and pretty too, but he loved to eat birds just as little Picus liked ants. And what pussycat could resist such a magnificent bird as Master Picus? At that moment an instinct in his little heart warned the brave flicker bird of this lurking danger. But too late! With a spring the big gray cat leaped towards the small woodpecker and clamped his paw in a golden flecked wing.

Such a cry as rang through the old forest! It pleaded, wept, begged, then stopped. Little Picus was not the one to let himself be eaten without a struggle. Around he pivoted his red-tufted head and peck, peck, peck he dug with his strong bill at pussy's face.

"Meow! Meow! Meow!"

Little Picus showed no mercy. He pecked harder. Angry pussy took a firmer hold of the hurt wing. Again in his pain came the moaning cry of the small woodpecker. But it brought no help. In fact the cat's cruel paw pierced deeper. With mighty effort Master Picus dragged under it. This made a deeper gash, but helped his furious bill to hammer straight at pussy's eyes. Pussy loosened his hold, just a second, but in that second, with all the strength he could muster the young woodpecker flew into the air. Disappointed puss leaped at him in vain. Master Picus was fifty yards away.

The injured wing became painful. It hurt him to brace at the side of the tree, so just to rest it he fluttered to

the ground. The poor little fellow trembled. That had been a horrib'e experience. His wing hurt and throbbed. Really he could scarcely use it. Then came the second scare.

Voices! Human voices. Instinct again warned Picus of danger. Humans were often cruel. He shivered and trembled and ached so the poor little gold streaked wing would not work. He heard the voices, but could not understand them.

"That cry was pain and fear. I know it was a bird," said a girl's voice.

"Yes," came an excited boy's reply, "and here's the poor creature, a red-headed woodpecker."

Little Picus heard and ambled through the underbrush. He dared not trust his wings. The boy and girl followed. The young woodpecker feared them as much as the cat, so he rustled along through the soft tan bark and moss. On they came too. He stopped and shivered.

"Poor fellow! I wonder what hurt him?" the boy asked softly.

Now the girl's turn to get excited. "Look! Look! That's what hurt him, that—that cat!" The child almost whispered.

Young Picus saw the boy suddenly stoop to the ground. His heart almost stopped beating, but the child did not touch him. Instead he picked up a stone.

"I'll not hit the cat, just scare it away!" he said, throwing the stone through the trees. It landed a foot from pussy and startled him so that with a swish he raced off. The boy laughed.

But the girl had rinsed her small handkerchief in a pool alongside Master Picus, and now wrung it out over his wounded wing. My! how good it felt! The little woodpecker wanted more, but hardly dared trust these kind humans. They were talk-

ing and pointing at him. He did not know they were noting his beauty, the gold on his wings, his graceful body, the hump of scarlet at his neck. Again he felt the cooling shower. That refreshed him so that he dared try his wings again. Up he fluttered, stronger and more securely, way above an open space and onto a willow tree that leaned over a brook. Nor could he understand two sympathetic childish voices that comforted each other.

"He will be safe now. The cat is frightened away, and the little wood-pecker can bathe his wing in the brook. He will soon be well, and probably more careful."

## Mary's Heathen Baby

By MARGARET HELEN CAIN

"**G**OOD-BYE, mother," Mary called as she hurried down the hall.

"Wait a moment, Mary." Mrs. Brady hastened after her daughter to set straight the red tam-o'-shanter, kiss the upturned face, and see the child safely to the corner. Her parting words were:

"Now, don't forget to ask Father Murray about Communion."

"Oh, I won't." The answer was prompt and eager. "But you think he will let me make it, don't you, mother?"

"I hope so. Good-bye, now; be good; and don't cause Sister any trouble."

Mary's answer was a merry smile as she turned to join some companions, also on their way to St. Patrick's School.

The morning passed slowly for Mrs. Brady, and, though she worked hard and steadily, she found time to offer a prayer to the Sacred Heart that her daughter might be allowed to make her First Communion that year. Although Mary lacked several months of the required age, because she knew her catechism so well and was so anxious to receive, the Sisters decided to give her a chance, providing that Father Murray agreed to the arrangement.

Ten minutes past twelve, early for Mary, the door burst open, and in

she rushed, tears of anger and disappointment in her eyes.

"Mother," she gasped, "I can't make it. Father Murray said I was too young, and I have to wait a whole year. And, by the time I am ready all the Chinese babies will all be grown up and converted—and—and—"

She flew to her mother's arms and found comfort there.

"Indeed all the heathen babies won't be converted or grown up in one year, Mary," Mrs. Brady insisted. "And that year will quickly pass, and you can pray for the Chinese babies even if you can't offer your Communions for them."

"I know," sobbed Mary; "but I wanted to convert one this year. Sister Mary Louise said we could convert maybe more than one in a year by our Communions. And I know my catechism, too—real good."

It was some time before Mary became really reconciled to having to give up what she desired so much; but the arrival of a new little girl in a neighboring house soon occupied Mary's thoughts. This child, Lucy Bowen, was her name, puzzled Mary a good deal.

To begin with, she said she was a Catholic, and yet she did not go to the parochial school, as all Mary's other friends did. And she said she never went to church, nor did her mother and father. Mary was plainly shocked, and, at the advice of her mother, she invited Lucy to go to church sometime with her.

At first the child refused to go, but finally she gave in, and, prompted by curiosity she asked Mary many questions about God and the Church. So Mary told her how she had wanted to make her First Communion that year, but could not, because she was too young.

"I wish I could make my Communion," Lucy spoke wistfully.

"Why, you can. You're old enough. Only you don't know the catechism," Mary replied. Suddenly she brightened. "But I'll ask Sister."

A few days later, Lucy was taking catechism lessons from Sister Mary Louise every day after school, her parents had consented, and had given their permission; and, afterwards. Mrs. Bowen became very friendly with Mrs. Brady and told her how she had come to neglect her faith, also that Lucy had been baptized, but never sent to a Sisters' school or to church.

Lucy herself, proved more than an apt pupil and, in a short time, had grown to love the kind Sisters and the priests who did all they could to help her. While Mary took upon her young shoulders the whole responsibility, and made sure Lucy always knew her lessons.

It was First Communion Day. Soft strains of music filled the crowded church, as up the aisle, a procession of children moved slowly. Among them was Lucy, eyes cast down, but face alight with joy. She was going to receive her Master.

Four people, tense and eager, watched that slim white figure. And Mrs. Bowen, sitting near Mrs. Brady and her daughter, suddenly smiled through her tears, for Mary, leaning closer had whispered quite clearly to her mother:

"Listen, mother. Maybe I couldn't make my First Communion this year; but I did convert a heathen, didn't I?"

## Teddy and Joan Go Flying

By ANNE BURLEW

**T**EDDY settled himself comfortably up on one of the fat stuffed arms of the big red plush chair. Joan perched herself on the other. Aunt Nonie sat between them, holding on her lap the geography opened wide at the map of the United States.

"Ready?" she asked the children. Teddy and Joan stretched their arms far out and gently waved them up and down.

"Toot! Toot!" cried the little boy. "We're taking off without a bit of trouble," said Joan triumphantly. "Only airplanes don't 'toot,' Teddy."

"Ours does — doesn't it, Aunt Nonie?"

"Certainly. Ours is different. It's a magic airplane. Where shall we come down first?"

Two heads—Teddy's very blond, Joan's a mass of dark soft curls—bent over close to Aunt Nonie's to examine the map.

"We're still visiting the home missions — aren't we? We couldn't make a quick hop to Honolulu — could we?" asked Joan gazing long-

ingly at the blue Pacific so entrancingly dotted with tiny black specks of islands.

"Not enough gas." There was warning of disaster in Teddy's earnest frown.

"We'd better stay in the United States for this trip," remarked Aunt Nonie. "You know there are many people right in our own country who don't hear anything about God."

"What?" exclaimed Joan incredulously. "Not in America!"

Aunt Nonie nodded.

"I myself met some once when I was traveling in the West. One was a little boy. I felt extremely sorry for him."

"Where did he live?" inquired Teddy.

"Here." Aunt Nonie placed her finger on the southeast corner of a certain State.

**T**EDDY, having peered closely at the map and carefully spelled out the name to himself, sat up straight, made a trumpet of his hands, and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Steer for South Dakota!"

Joan, in her return, examined the map.

Teddy was thinking hard. "What's the pilot's name, Aunt Nonie?"

"Let's call him Mercurio. I like the sound of it. Don't you?"

Teddy smiled his pleasure, and shouted again through his hands, "Steer for South Dakota, Mercurio!"

"A remarkable pilot," murmured Aunt Nonie. "A silent man. Keeps out of sight, too."

"I could be the pilot," observed Teddy wistfully.

"How could you?" asked Joan with some scorn. "You're a missionary riding in the plane."

"Oh, yes, he could," put in Aunt Nonie. "Some day missionaries will be flying all round this country. They'll be their own pilots, too."

"I'm going to be a home missionary and convert all the little boys who don't know about God. I'll begin in South Dakota. Are we nearly there?" Teddy inquired.

"We're leaving Detroit behind us and getting on to Lake Michigan," Joan informed him. "I'm going to go to the foreign missions," she added. "They're better. They need more courage."

Her little brother looked crushed. A boy does not like a girl to be braver than he is even if she is two years older than he. He glanced in

distress at Aunt Nonie. She came quickly to his rescue.

"Only God knows which needs more courage," she said. "One is not better than the other. Whatever is our own work—the work for which God put us into the world is best for us and for His honor and glory. And He loves both—the home missions and the foreign missions—because, in both, souls are being won for Him. And now, see," she was pointing to the map, "we're going pretty rapidly over Wisconsin. My dears, in a few minutes we'll be directly over the Mississippi!"

Teddy excitedly drew in his breath.

"How does it look here, Aunt Nonie?"

"I must put on my field glasses or opera glasses, or whatever aviators use. We are so high up!" She closed her eyes, and resting her head against the back of the big red plush chair, thought for a moment or two. "Right here," she said, then, "it is not so wide as it is farther south, but it is wide enough, I assure you. And, oh, it has the most attractive islands—long ones and round ones—lying one after the other—and most of them wooded. My, how Robinson Crusoe would like them!"

"I'd like to live alone on one of those islands!" Teddy's little chin was squared and determined, most frightfully like a pirate's or perhaps like a wild and dangerous Indian's.

"Yes, you would!" Joan exclaimed.

"Let's try not to say, 'I bet,' Joan," Aunt Nonie urged gently. "It isn't quite good manners."

"All right. But he would be afraid."

"Not when I'm a man, I won't—will I, Aunt Nonie?"

"Of course not!"

Teddy was so little that Joan could not imagine him grown up. But Aunt Nonie said that she expected him to grow as big as his daddy, and then what a fine strong home missionary he would be! Joan changed the subject.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "We're in Iowa!"

"If we steer north here, we'll probably reach some Indian Reservation," Aunt Nonie said. "At this present moment, I believe we are passing over Sioux City. Yes, that must be it."

"That's an Indian name," Joan remarked. "In history, we studied about the Sioux."

"Let's come down here," suggested Teddy, pointing to a spot in the corner of South Dakota. "What is it?"

"It's Yankton. That's an Indian name, too. But, Teddy, if you're piloting, I beg of you, don't drop us into the Missouri." Aunt Nonie spoke very seriously. She was darling! She could play a game better even than some boys and girls.

"Is the Missouri near Yankton?" asked Joan.

"Yankton's *on* the Missouri," explained Aunt Nonie. "And right here the river is very wide and yellow and muddy and full of quick-sands. I shouldn't enjoy falling into it even if I weren't wearing a brand new dress, and even if it weren't a famous river in the history of the home missionaries. Many of them you know—priests and Sisters—went up the Missouri in the old days in canoes to bring the Faith to the Indians."

"We must learn more about it then," said Joan, with decision. "Look out!" she added suddenly. "We're taking a nose-dive! Down we go!"

"Hold on, Aunt Nonie!" cried Teddy. "We'll soon be safe!"

"Aim for the west shore," directed Aunt Nonie, "and land on the flats. And don't worry about me." She put one arm round Teddy and the other round Joan. "I'm quite all right if I don't get dizzy."

"Br-r-r-r, what a noise the wind makes in the wings!" Joan sang.

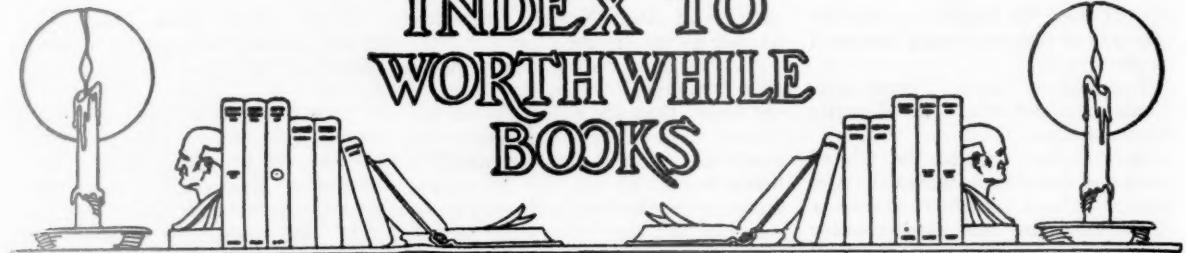
"Blang! Bling! Blang!" Teddy shouted like a signal bell, then, through his hollowed hands, called, "Yank-ton! Here we are at last! All out!"

He and Joan sprang down from the arms of the chair, and having run to get paper and pencils, returned, and sat on the floor looking up at Aunt Nonie.

"Whoever finds all the answers first," she began, "will get a big round apple." Teddy wrinkled his forehead in distress. But Aunt Nonie continued, "And whoever finds all the answers second, will get a big round apple, too."

Then she dictated five questions about South Dakota, for this was the children's geography lesson. And certainly there is no pleasanter way to begin such a lesson than to take a trip to some missionary field—at home or abroad—in that airplane, beautiful and swift and sure, called the *Spirit of Make Believe*.

# INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

**THE GREAT MAGDALENS.** By Rev. Hugh Blunt, LL.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$2.25.

Father Blunt is to be congratulated on offering to the public such interesting and inspiring books as *THE GREAT MAGDALENS* and its companion volume, *Great Penitents*. The reading of such books will go far towards offsetting the evil effects of much of current literature. The history of souls like St. Mary Magdalen — whose name has become a synonym for penitential love — shows how the mercy of God redeems even from the foulest depths of iniquity those who but hearken to the whisper within the soul, calling to purer loves and holier lives.

The reverent author must have some secret cache from which he draws the material for these lives, but wherever he gets it, it offers a moving theme for his facile pen. Those who feel that pious reading palls, and who are forcibly drawn to the jazzy, sexy, and bizarre, will not experience any pangs of ennui when perusing *THE GREAT MAGDALENS*. The mere list of Great Magdalens will suggest a lively interest. Here it is: Penitents of the Stage; Voices from the Desert; Magdalens of the Age of Penance; The Woman Augustin Loved; Rosamond Clifford; St. Margaret of Cortona; Blessed Angela of Foligno; Blessed Clare of Rimini; St. Hyacinth of Mariscotti; Catalina de Cardona, "The Sinner"; Beatrice Cenci; The Princess Palatine; Madame de Longueville, Louise de la Valliere; Madame de Montespan; Madame de la Sabliere; Madame Pompadour; Madame Tiquet. Lovers of romance will recall several of these names.

We wonder, however, for what reason Father Blunt put the Saints of the Stage in this book. They are all but one members of the male sex. Now, Magdalens by common consent and immemorial usage denotes a redeemed woman. So no matter how heroic a man's penance, he can hardly become a Magdalen. Perhaps the author discovered these heroic and penitential male saints since publishing his first volume—Great Penitents—all of whom were men.

Again, a Magdalen connotes something more than a woman who dies a good death after a life of wickedness. A Magdalen does much more than receive death with patience and fortitude. She practises penance for some time before she knew that she was on her death bed, when penance is a thing of free choice, not of necessity. Hence, we can see no reason for including such notorious characters as Madame Pompadour and Beatrice Cenci among the Magdalens. They certainly were great sinners. They submitted calmly to the guillotine and the axe; they received the consolations of the Church in the last hour, but where they imitated the Great Magdalen, who did penance for many years, is not apparent. The author himself appreciates their lack of this distinction and labors to show why he included them in the book. But it is a weak defense. We admit, however, that their lives make very interesting reading. And the gay butterflies and street angels who are living in a fool's paradise are cordially invited to see how true the words of the Apostle are: "The sting of death is sin."

In regard to these defects the saying is true: "Bene cantat, sed extra chorum." The reverent author sings well, but not in choir. It is simply a question of sticking to one's theme.

Despite such obvious criticism, we acknowledge that the book is full of absorbing interest, and a constant plea to souls afar from God and wallowing in the mire of sensuality, to come back to their Father. He is looking for them. And when they accept His gracious invitation they will find One Who will embrace them and give them the kiss of peace.

**WHAT IS FAITH?** By J. Gresham Machen. Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$1.00.

This book is the substance of a series of lectures delivered at the Grove City Bible School in the summer of 1925. The author is assistant professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in Princeton Theological Seminary.

Professor Machen undertakes to answer the question, "What is Faith?" He claims that Faith is an intellectual

assent to truth, not merely an "ineffable experience," and other such hazy descriptions so characteristic of non-Catholic theology, descriptions which defy analysis. Faith is a calm matter-of-fact adhesion of the mind to reality, not to suppositions or emotions.

In this we heartily agree with the professor. Such is, has been, and always will be the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. As long ago as the thirteenth century St. Thomas defined Faith: "the intellectual assent of the mind to divine revelation, under the command of the will, which is moved thereto by the grace of God." The author of this book extricates himself from the nebulous ideas of Protestant divines as to the nature of Faith and lights upon the intellectual aspect of Faith as a veritable *terra incognita*. It is strange, indeed, that it never occurred to him that such a simple and common sense definition of the nature of Faith could have been found in every Catholic book of instruction.

The best part of the book is the introduction. In that part the author demonstrates the unintellectual and emotional theories of Faith generally held by Protestants, and he does it in a manner which can be substantially approved by Catholic theologians. But when he leaves the main thought and takes up specific ideas, such as Faith in God, Faith in Jesus Christ, Faith in the Gospel, Faith and Salvation, Faith and Works, and Faith and Hope, he is not so good. He falls unconsciously into the old Protestant notions, and consequently is unreliable. This is due, of course, to his ignorance of what the *body of truth* is in which an intellectual assent must be made. That can be learned only from the authentic mouthpiece of God Himself — the Roman Catholic Church, since to her and to her alone Christ said: "He that heareth you heareth Me."

Despite the Protestant exposition of the chapters outside the Introduction, the book affords stimulating reading. It is heartening to know that non-Catholic divines are coming nearer to the true notion of what Faith is, for by so doing they are coming closer to the true Church. We recommend the book to priests and educated laity.

MR. BLUE. By Myles Connolly. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$1.50.

Surely, Mr. J. Blue is a member of that glorious company whose edifying exploits fill the pages of the *Fioretti*, reincarnated and placed for a time in this hurly-burly twentieth century of ours, to remind us of the love of God, Our Blessed Mother, and Lady Poverty.

Blue, with his charming unworldliness and startling nearness to God; Blue, with his white standard emblazoned "Courage," flapping in the breeze atop a New York skyscraper; Blue, with his tender love for the Mother of God, as revealed to us in his matchless letter to: "My good, dear Mother," and his almost Franciscan wooing of Lady Poverty; Blue, with his staunch faith and whimsical ideas; his pardonable, nay lovable, idiosyncrasies and his curious philanthropy; Blue, with his meagre literary legacy of eleven inimitable letters and a single exquisite poem, is a distinct creation, whose like or equal can be found nowhere in contemporary writings, if indeed in all fiction. He captivates us with his personality. Mr. Blue is no mere dreamer. He is no sentimental idealist. Mr. Blue is a vital symbol.

One finishes the story reluctantly, closes the book, and lapses into thoughtfulness. Or is it meditation? Perhaps it is to dream.

Myles Connolly tells the fascinating history of Mr. Blue with an attractive grace and delicacy. His poetic touch is manifest throughout. He displays a rare skill in his delightful delineation of this wholly remarkable character, and he is deserving of great praise and thanks for this his first book. It is a particularly bright ray in the sun of that better Catholic literature whose day is slowly, but none the less surely, dawning.

THE STORY OF ST. CHRISTOPHER. By John Ainsworth. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Children live in imagination. They picture the realities of life in idealistic dreams and fancied surroundings. And in this realm, they walk supreme. That this natural propensity should be turned to ideals worthy of, and beneficial to the child's eternal interests, is the desire of every Catholic parent and teacher.

Here we have a book capable of leading this budding idealism into a sphere of activity that will nurture the desires of spiritual achievements, and place them high above the dreams of worldly grandeur. Written in a style that echoes the clearness and simplicity of the Gospel, it teaches by word and picture the wanderings of this great soldier saint—his thrilling adventures, his deep yearnings to serve a Master that is worthy of his love; and finally, how his

noble desires were rewarded.

Nor is interest lacking, for this life possesses all the delights of a fairy tale and the fascinations of the best story. It leads the reader from surprise to surprise, until in the height of a storm there is revealed a personality that strikes an echo in every young heart—the Christ Child.

The book is admirably adapted to the capacity of its young readers. It will draw them to the noblest aims, and impress upon their tender minds the vanity of the world, as well as to show that everlasting happiness is to be found in God alone. And as such, it should receive the heartiest welcome from every parent and teacher.

GREATER PERFECTION. Being the Spiritual Conferences of Sister Miriam Teresa, Litt. B. Edited by Rev. Chas. C. Demjanovich, A.M. Foreword by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas H. McLaughlin, S.T.D. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$2.00.

GREATER PERFECTION ranks among the finest religious books of recent years. Written in a clear style, modern in tone and expression, these conferences give the reader the impression that perfection is something vitally important even for this busy twentieth century. The perusal of these works is not only a source of personal edification, but also is instructive in the wondrous ways of God in His dealings with souls.

Sister Miriam Teresa was a novice of the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station, N. J., who was called to her reward after a brief religious life of less than two years. To all outward appearances Sister Miriam was as the other novices, allowing nothing extraordinary to betray itself in her actions. Her confessor alone was privileged to know the true beauty of her soul and to realize the wondrous strides the young novice was making toward the GREATER PERFECTION. At his command Sister Miriam wrote a series of conferences for him to deliver to her Sister novices. So charming and so filled with spiritual wisdom were these discourses that copies were sent to other convents, even to distant England and Australia. The many letters of commendation received have brought about the publication of these discourses in book form.

The publication thus brought about will give these discourses the greater field for edification and influence that they deserve and which they are admirably suited to command. GREATER PERFECTION is a book primarily intended for religious, but its clear and attractive presentation of the fine old truths of the Catholic Faith will amply repay anyone for the time spent in reading it.

We confess to a selfish motive in

wishing GREATER PERFECTION a wide circulation. For, dependent upon the reception accorded this book of conferences, is the publication of Sister Miriam Teresa's other works. With the remembrance of the pleasure and instruction that we derived from this first volume of Sister Miriam's works, we are looking forward to new delights in her other writings.

SUNDAYS OF THE SAINTS. By Rev. Michael A. Chapman. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$1.75.

A book of sermon sketches, for those Sundays on which a special feast displaces the "Proper" for the Sunday. In thirty-six outlines Father Chapman gives points for sermons on the events, virtues and characteristics in the life of Our Lord and the saints.

There is a touch of freshness and originality in the up-to-date treatment of the matter, which deserves the consideration and commendation of preachers. It cannot be gainsaid that today the man-in-the-pew wants to know the "why and wherefore" of his religion. The constant demands being made upon the Catholic Faith, especially by our non-Catholic brethren call for an intelligent understanding of its tenets. Hence, it is of paramount importance that our preachers convey the Word of God not only with all possible clarity and force, but also set forth the motives and reasons for belief in the Faith we profess. A good example of this is to be found in Father Chapman's little volume; even a casual perusal of which, will reveal his ready facility for logically weaving into his themes the liturgical and historical as well as the dogmatic aspect of the subject under consideration. Particularly is the author happy in the practical application of supernatural truths and virtues to the vital issues of the day—a matter so necessary to constructive preaching. We hope the book will find a prominent place in every priest's study.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF BUDDHISM. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$3.00.

The author professes in giving this book to the world a desire to impart to his readers a sympathetic understanding of the nature of Buddhism, its historical development, and the psychology of its modern practitioners. He does more than that. He writes what is virtually an apology and defence of Buddhism. He claims that western scholars with all their analytical acumen have cruelly misinterpreted and misrepresented Buddhism. He tears this mighty heathenish structure alongside of Christianity as he a liberal and free-lance Christian understands his religion; and asks us eloquently to admire

Buddhism no less than the rival Christian system. No reader who thinks for himself as he proceeds will do so. Buddhism with all the brilliant paint which Dr. Pratt lavishes on it is fatalistic, pessimistic, naturalistic and illogical. Buddhism as it exists today is but doubtfully the article which the Buddha of 2,500 years ago preached in India. Out of a tremendous mass of sacred literature it is impossible to be certain of what is authentically original and what is accretion. The author says so. He sifts the sources for himself. The reader comes to the conclusion, from the very facts which he finds in this book, that the Western interpretation of Buddhism which the author quarrels with is much more correct than the author is. The author habitually takes back what he has said before. He proves himself wrong in the act of proving that he is right. His method usually is this—a statement of the common understanding of Buddhism—an attempt to discredit it—a final concession either by dialectical implication or by a reluctant half-confession that it is very nearly right after all.

In the last chapter the author formally compares Buddhism with the Christianity which is preached by missionaries in Buddhist lands. He reveals his own understanding of Christianity and gives us a key to his reasons for glorifying Buddhism by showing us how shabby a religion his Christianity is. He says that "the missionaries are fully justified in not making the conditions of admission to the church very high." So that it is right and proper to baptize converts with watered Christianity. The missionary can modify the conditions of salvation which Christ has established. He implies that Christianity's total apostolic purpose is to elevate the gentiles in the scale of civilization. It should not be preached to Buddhists who do not need civilization and its accessories. Christianity is only an ethical rationalism. He has definite views about apostolic ambition and explicitly lays down a thesis. He claims that "Christian missions are needed in Buddhist regions *not to destroy* the native religions (so far as they are more than demonstrable superstition), but to do the work which the native religions fail to do." This work which Christianity is to do is therapeutic, educational and social—a work which any federal bureau could do as well and with much more consistency than a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ could. The author would like to see not Buddhism supplanted, but existing side by side and in a friendly rivalry with Christianity. He declares that Buddhism has a message for Christians, a message which, presumably, Christ neglected to give them. He is professedly a liberal in religion and applauds a moderately liberal fusion of

definitely Christian and Buddhist ideas.

A Christian who can grow thus infatuated with any form of heathenism cannot believe that Christianity is a divine religion. If Christianity was preached by Christ is an ultimate and perfect system (as all true blue Christians believe), then there is in a religious sense nothing admirable which is not totally comprehended in it. Of course if Jesus Christ is considered to have been only a holy and wise man, the religion he preached is demonstrably no better than monotheistic Mohammedanism but still it is better than pantheistic Buddhism. Still we must concede that in the hands of liberals Christianity will soon be spattered with pantheistic mire.

A book of standard literary merit, of poor Christian appreciation and of an apostolic spirit which is for educating the Buddhist, snuggling him sweetly in the folds of his heathenism and calling the job done.

**THE ROAD TO CATHAY.** By Merriam Sherwood and Elmer Mantz. The Macmillan Company, New York. Price: \$3.50.

An exceptionally interesting book of the ancient wonders of the East, as described by the five greatest Oriental wanderers of their day.

Among the numerous travelogues and histories of this hidden empire, this work stands apart. It leads the reader into many adventures, into ancient cities and palaces, among strange peoples and customs, along scenic trails and over Eastern seas. These scenes and events are as fascinating to the reader of today as they were for the man of the middle ages who read and marveled at the strange grandeur narrated by these writers. Every page possesses its surprises; every page thrills with adventure and the marvels of this empire, so long wrapped in mystic silence; while through the entire narrative, there breathes the spirit of the hidden East which places one in the atmosphere of the events. The book is woven into a thrilling tale that captivates the reader and holds him in a spell from beginning to end. The publication is worthy of a place alongside our *National Geographic Magazine*. And every lover of history travel and antiquity will find in it a companion worthy of his culture.

**GOD INFINITE AND REASON.** By William J. Brosnan, S.J., Ph.D. The American Press, New York. Price: \$.....

**GOD INFINITE AND REASON** concerning the attributes of God is a continuation of the scientific study of God, begun by the author a few years ago in a volume called **GOD AND REASON**. The present work is written for thoughtful, private and class room study. The learned author candidly admits, by way

of a mild apology, that due to the form in which the matter is cast and also the fact that modern philosophy is almost universally built on a false theory, this book will have no appeal to the modern philosopher.

But this is precisely the crux of the whole situation. Alien philosophers will never even deign to notice our philosophy, until it is couched in terms that interest and convince. While the moderns, huckster-like, successfully cry their tinsel ware in the marts of the literary world, the intellectually satisfying doctrine of scholasticism is to all practical purpose left beyond the reach of the ordinary student. Scholastic philosophy is shunned not so much because of any antipathy to it, but largely because of ignorance of it. Many moderns regard it as a none too orderly array of subtleties and hair-splitting arguments. And only when our philosophies are written in a masterly and explanatory way, will the prejudice be broken down. Hence it is to be regretted that the author did not maintain throughout the whole the clarity and precision which he displayed in his tenth thesis on Pantheism. Nevertheless this neat volume containing such a wealth of knowledge as it does will surely meet with a very favorable reception from those for whom it was written. It contains ten theses in all. It treats of the essence of God and His attributes both those which modify His essence looked at in itself and those which modify, looked at as the source of Divine activity. The splendid appendix attached to this work explaining the syllogism, will greatly enhance its practical value.

**OUR LADY'S TITLES.** By Rev. Albert Power, S.J., M.A. Frederick Pustet So., New York. Price: \$2.00.

There cannot be too many books about the Woman who comes next to the sacred humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Friends of God should not tire of singing the praises of her whom God so singularly honored. The Litany of the Blessed Virgin is one of the most attractive modes of keeping oneself in mind of the reasons for thinking and saying wonderful things of her who said so beautifully of herself: "He that is mighty hath done great things to me." Father Power has done a service to the clients of the Queen by interweaving such inspiring and practical thoughts with the invocations of the Litany. Friends of Christ's mother will thank him for the aid thus given. The worth of the book would be greater, were each title accompanied by a somewhat more direct literal explanation of the title itself and its implication. The explanation can be inferred from the devout meditations, but it would be more acceptable to have it stated so that all might more readily take in the beauties of the titles.

# THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



## Letters From Our Missionaries

**I**N MY previous letter to the readers of THE SIGN it was stated that Father Paul Ubinger, C.P., and I had reached Changteh late on Saturday night, July 21st.

When we entered the Priest house we were greeted by a sight that was unique anywhere except in China. The soldiers were occupying the first floor of the building and all were sound asleep. They were lying around in all shapes and places on the floor, without any bedding, simply using their arms as pillows. One of the soldiers was lying crouched on the top of the cupboard. It was not more than twelve inches wide by four or five feet in length and it was fully four feet from the floor. It was not the best berth imaginable but the lad was sleeping soundly for all that.

Soon, however, the yelling of the coolies, who carried in our baggage from the boat, had everyone awake. They ran around in wild confusion, each one trying to shout louder than the other. They were all trying to find out who had allowed us to come in and why, who were we and why had we come to the place. The petty officer in charge of the squad came to Father Paul and insisted that he would have to search our valises, boxes and baskets. Nothing daunted Father Paul fearlessly told the officer that this was an impertinence on his part to demand a search of the effects of the priest when he came to his own house and that such examination be made by the intruders who were the soldiers. At this the

### *My Visit To China*

By SEBASTIAN OCHSENREITER, C.P.

officer was surprised and said: "Why do you live here?" "Of course we live here," answered Father Paul. "Oh, I didn't know that," said Mr. Officer. "In that case there will not be any examination of your goods."

By this time one of the servants of the house had aroused one of the priests, who immediately came down to welcome us. He insisted that we must be hungry as well as tired and weary. We thanked him for his kindness and at the same time insisted that we had had our supper on the boat and wanted nothing more than to get to bed as soon as possible.

#### PRIVACY IF NOTHING ELSE

OUR room had until a few days before been occupied by soldiers. There was abundant evidence that they had been there. The walls were hung with many placards covered with large Chinese characters. The floor was littered with straw which had served them as bedding, torn paper filled the drawers of the desk and general disorder prevailed. The priest said he would have the boy put the room to rights, but we asked him to postpone the cleaning till the following morning. We were tired and we did not mind the "looks" of the room.

What a relief it was to be once

more beyond the prying, staring eyes of curious Chinamen and to enjoy once more a taste of white man's privacy! We slept without any misgivings and thanked God not only for our safety but also for the speed with which we had covered the first part of our journey.

The following day, Sunday, was a day of rest for me, but for Father Paul it was a day of hectic activities. He spent the morning searching around Changteh for the man who usually handles our shipments passing through the city. He succeeded in having him come to us about noon. Then it meant that they would have to find a junk to which our shipments could be transferred for carriage up river. Due arrangements had to be made for carriers and chairs for our trip overland.

Towards evening the yard of the compound was alive with coolies who were to carry us and our goods and baggage. They handled each parcel, arranged the ropes and had all things in readiness for the following morning. It is much easier to say that this was done than was the actual doing. We had a perfect bedlam around here from the time they arrived until they left. One coolie would balance his load on his arms and then say it was too heavy. The loads would have to be rearranged. All seemed set to go. Then, while attention was elsewhere for a moment, one of the coolies would take something from his basket and put it into some other basket. For a time I felt sure there would be blood shed judging by the looks on their faces



THE PASTOR OF ST. THERESA'S MISSION IN LUNG-TAN. FATHER JEREMIAH MCNAMARA, C.P., POSES FOR HIS PICTURE DURING THE FESTIVE DAYS OF THE LITTLE FLOWER CELEBRATION. READ DESCRIPTION OF THIS CELEBRATION

and the shouts. I kept in the background wondering at what instant a knife or a gun would open up hostilities. But this was one of the lessons I had to learn about the Chinese, that when they are shouting at the top of their voices usually it is not worth noticing. It was simply their method or their custom to speak so and argue thus under the circumstances. I was destined to witness many more similar exhibitions of lung power before I acquired the habit of looking on unmoved and without at least the fear of murder.

The following morning we celebrated Mass at 4 o'clock after which the fathers had breakfast in readiness. At 5:30 we were all ready to begin our five days' trip overland.

The Augustinian Fathers at Changteh received us and treated us as brothers. We were made to feel like members of the family. The house was ours. We were told again and again that if there was anything we wanted and they had it, it was

ours for the asking. All we had to do was tell one of the boys to get it and we would have had it. The fathers displayed the most solicitude about us. When one of them met us in the house he would inquire if there was anything we needed, did we want a cup of tea or anything else. There was one dear old priest, a native Chinese priest for over fifty years. He was the ideal of gentleness and meekness. My heart went out in pity for him because all the trouble with the coolies referred to above took place in his room. He sat there undisturbed, manifesting not the slightest impatience. When leaving these good fathers I was simply at a loss for words to express my gratitude. They considered what they had done merely as a matter of simple and plain duty. Surely the fraternal charity among the missionaries in China will win for them God's special blessing.

At 5:30, then, the caravan got under way. It was a novel experi-

ence for me to sit down in a chair and have four human beings lift the burden to their shoulders and start off on a long journey. I felt utterly ashamed of myself to think that I, an able bodied person, should allow myself to be thus carried. I was reminded that I was in China and that if I did not use the chair in the beginning of the journey I would be only too glad to take it before the end of the trip. All of which proved only too true.

Our route was first to circle the entire city outside the walls. If we had entered the city we would have had all our luggage examined and customs officers would have levied duty charges. It did not take so long before we were out in the country and the carriers seemed not to mind their burdens. As we went forward they spoke to one another and then would laugh heartily as they jogged along.

#### WE ARE INSPECTED

THROUGHOUT the journey the carriers would stop for a rest at the end of each hour with an exception now and then when they would go for an hour and a half. The time for rest was usually judged by the distance to be covered to the next town. They would never stop for a rest except in a town, village or hamlet. Once arrived at a place for rest they would not sit down as we naturally would, but they would squat and at times have their feet on a bench resembling a carpenter's saw horse, so that they would be sitting on their heels instead of resting all their muscles by being seated as we were.

Such stops were usually the signal for all the natives to come out *en masse* to inspect the foreigners. At times a woman or a child would call to some one on the other end of the little village. All that heard, and they were all the inhabitants, dropped everything to come and see the foreigners. They would gaze wide-eyed and open mouthed at us, wondering at these strange individuals who had come among them. They would edge up closer and closer till the inner ring of the circle all had touched us. And the closer they came the more I could read in their eyes that "still the wonder grew." I cannot imagine that I could have drawn a bigger crowd had I been a real curio traveling with one of America's circuses. The older folks on the outer edge of the

circle would talk things over seriously and shake their heads. Where had I come from, why, and to what race of beings did I belong were the topics of their conversation.

When we stopped for meals the curiosity was even greater. They would go to the stove, watch the cooking, gather about the table, crowd up close and pass remarks one to the other regarding that strange "stuff" these foreigners were eating, even though we had only bread or a plate of tomato soup or some beans. When we put milk into the coffee (canned milk), that was too much for them, it was a seven days' wonder as the Chinese use neither milk nor sugar with their tea. The pots and pans were immensely amusing to them because they are accustomed to cook everything from rice to fish in a huge cauldron. First the rice is cooked and when that is removed the same cauldron is used for frying their vegetables or whatever else they eat with the rice. Father Paul dubbed this mixture "Prince Albert" because it resembles that brand of tobacco more than anything else.

The above was our experience at each resting place till we finally reached Tauyeun where we again enjoyed the hospitality of the Spanish Augustinian Fathers. We had spent the greater portion of the day riding in the chairs and we were thoroughly weary and fatigued and needed no cure for insomnia before closing our eyes for the night. Here again as in Changteh we were made to feel at home. We were absolutely welcome and I doubt not that had we sought hospitality elsewhere these good Augustinians would have been grievously offended.

#### SYMPATHY AROUSED

HERE the soldiers were in possession of the beautiful church. Boards had been laid over the pews and on these the soldiers slept, lived, ate, gambled. I went to the open door and looked in and the sight was enough to cause a feeling of utter disgust for laws or absence of laws that permitted such desecrations without a single outcry or protest from those in power. It made me feel more sympathy for our Mexican Catholics than I have ever felt before and I could not repress the thought that whilst bigotry is not lacking in America, yet our American Catholics do not realize the many blessings they enjoy in worshipping God without

any molestation or annoyance.

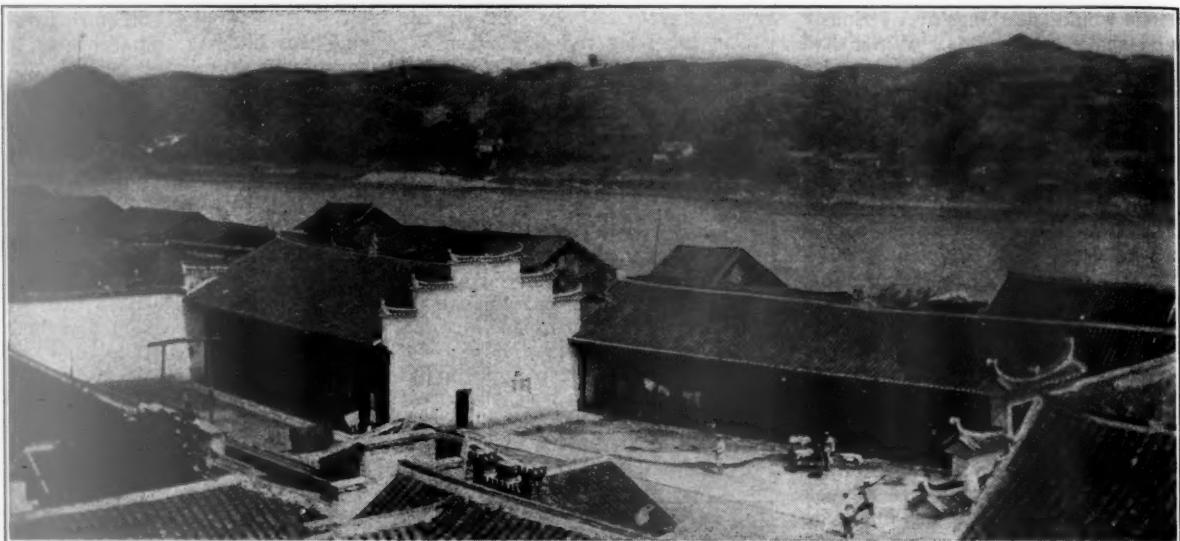
The following morning when we set out it was proposed that instead of traveling in chairs that we take a sampan. The head-carrier told us that in this way we could cover 90 li, that is thirty miles, instead of 60 li or 20 miles. The boat, he assured us, would reach Heh-Chia-He, which is fifty li from Tauyeun, by noon that day and then we could make 40 li that afternoon by chair. After considerable talk we agreed and we all walked to the river bank and boarded a sampan. The chairs and all the goods were tied and packed on the sampan. We had to wait nearly two hours while the boatman got his breakfast and secured a supply of rice for himself and the crew.

When we finally got started the wind was blowing and it helped to make living under the hood of the sampan pleasant, but it blocked anything like rapid progress. There were times when the boatman was furious with the "Wind God" and he would shower all kinds of curses upon his head. Instead of reaching Heh-chia-He at noon as we had hoped and planned we landed there at 6 o'clock that evening. The carriers immediately proposed that we stay there for the night but both Father Paul and myself insisted that they carry out their part of the bargain and get us to the next town that night. This was done and at 7:30 we reached Tsen-Chia-Chi.

It was here that I was introduced



WU SIMON, A CHRISTIAN, AND HIS BABY JUST AFTER THE LITTLE ONE WAS BAPTIZED "THERÈSE." TO THE LEFT, STANDING, IS JOSEPH LIU, FR. JEREMIAH McNAMARA'S CATECHIST AT LUNG-TAN. TO HIS RIGHT IS OLD YANG, MISSION HORSEMAN AND NOW A CATECHUMEN



SOLDIERS DRILLING AND ON GUARD IN THE COMPOUND NEAR THE BOYS' SCHOOL AT SHENCHOW. THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN AFTER THE MISSION HAD BEEN SEIZED BY THE ARMY DURING THE LATE REVOLUTION

to a Chinese inn. In construction they do not vary much from the traditional American barn and in furnishing they are not much better. If there is a decided difference it is probably that in an American barn one is likely to pick up less vermin. This particular inn was quite small so Father Paul proposed that we put our cots out in the yard and sleep there. I readily agreed. It was extremely warm with no promise of relief during the night. Fortunately the cots were equipped with a canopy and mosquito nets. We went to bed convinced that a restful slumber was in keeping for us out there under the Heavens.

All went as we expected until about 3 A. M. I awoke to find that we were wet through and through from the heavy night mist. The canopy, the netting and our clothes were wet enough to wring. That was the first and last night we tried sleeping in the open. In the morning we arose at 4:30, had to open all the valises for dry clothes, then rouse all the carriers. At 5 A. M. we were on the road again. At 7 the carriers stopped for rest. Then we traveled until 8:30 when we stopped for breakfast. Then off again on our journey.

It was on this day that I was made to realize that you cannot trifle with the sun of China. I had been saturated so to speak with being stared at, examined, admired (possibly) by the

Chinese. So when the carriers rested, instead of waiting for them in the Chinese town until they were rested, I would sometimes walk ahead through the town and on the way into the country. Sometimes I walked by myself and sometimes Father Paul would walk with me. I would walk along for a time until I found a good shady spot and there I would await the carriers.

#### THE "BIG HEAT"

THE intense heat here endures from the beginning of July to the end of August and is known among the natives as the "big heat." This does not mean that on July 1st it suddenly becomes intensely hot and that on September 1st it is refreshingly cool. Like the season in America warm weather begins with the middle of June and lasts until the middle of September. On this day, July 25th, I followed my newly acquired habit and left the chair to walk ahead. Father Paul was busy attending to arrangements in town so I went on alone. When I came to the end of the town the road zig-zagged between rice fields for quite a distance. I had to walk for nearly an hour before I reached a shady spot. The sun was a ball of burning fire, and at each step I could feel the heat scorching my hands and face and even burning my body through my clothes. I walked on and on, hoping that very soon I

would turn one of the bends in the road and find a clump of bushes or a tree under which I could rest. When I finally did reach such a haven I was about exhausted. I feared being alone for my blood was fairly boiling within my veins. I could not go back for I dared not walk that distance again under that sun. It seemed an eternity until the carriers arrived although I do not think I had to wait more than fifteen minutes. I guess I needed that lesson. After that experience I needed no advice to be careful and not to be so sure that a sun helmet was ample protection from the sun. I cannot say how welcome that chair was. Thereafter it mattered little whether Father Paul was busy or not, when we reached a town for a rest I waited in town instead of tramping ahead.

At evening we came to the Chinese village called Tai-Ping-Pu, which, I am told, means "Peaceful Plains." The plains may be peaceful but the Chinese inn at that place was far from peaceful on the night of July 25, 1928. The inn was small but in view of our last experience in sleeping outdoors we did not think of trying it again. There was one small room that we could have for a sleeping quarters. If we accepted this offer we would have to sleep on an old door that had been thrown across two saw-horses and that was covered with straw probably ten

years old. I had tried many new contrivances in China, but this time I said "No, I'll sit up all night before I attempt to sleep on that!" So we appealed to the inn-keeper. We asked him if it would be agreeable to him for us to stretch our cots in the open space before his counter. We also requested that he leave the place open so that we might have a little air. He agreed to all. The place fairly reeked with the heavy odor of opium. The cots were put together with the canopy and mosquito netting. There was absolutely no privacy so I simply removed my shoes and laid down. The place was filled with villagers who looked on and crowded round and gaped into the cot and I imagine I looked to them like some wild animal in its cage. They would take a look and then run off and then return with another crowd to have a look. I am sure that no one in that village missed the sight of the foreigner in his strange bed. When the villagers decided the show was over and all had satisfied their curiosity the coolies started gambling. I have no idea how long this continued but I do know that I was a long time closing my eyes. But fatigue overcame all obstacles and at length I slept.

The following morning, July 26th, the feast of good St. Anne, we arose at 4:45 and after some hurried preparations were soon away. The same routine continued as on former days, rests at Chinese towns, breakfast before the usual motley gathering of sightseers. The heat continued unabated. Toward noon we came to a Chinese store that is conducted by one of Father Cuthbert O'Gara's Christians. Both the proprietor and his wife were most anxious to show every mark of respect. They knelt to receive our blessing and then summoned all the children and they in turn knelt for the blessing. The poor mother hurriedly put clean clothes on the younger children and, presto, they were all arrayed in the best wardrobe they could afford.

#### END OF THE TRIP

**H**IS woman offered us the use of an inner room in which to rest, spread a white cloth on the table, brought tea and immediately served several kinds of sweets. She invited us to stay and assured us that she would quickly prepare a lunch for us. We thankfully declined since we were scarcely three miles from Wuki, the end of our trip.

After resting a while we pushed

on. The distance was rapidly lessening and we had gone a mile or a little more when we heard the beating of drums and the sound of bugles. Rounding the next curve we beheld the contingent from Father Cuthbert's Mission coming out to meet us. The boys were dressed in spotless white trousers and jackets and they carried in their midst several large flags. The drums kept up their rat-tat-tat and bugles continued their martial tunes till we met. Then from some unknown recesses there went up the sound of a thousand firecrackers. Then carrying the flags followed by the Wuki military band with firecrackers adding their festive air, we were triumphantly carried into the little mountain village at Wuki. Here the Christians were all assembled and each in turn knelt to receive the new Senn Fu's blessing. I was, after all these days, safely within the confines of the Passionist Prefecture of Hunan. And there was good Father Cuthbert beaming with smiles and now came the Sisters of Charity who had gone through so much—Sister Electa and Sister Rose Patricia greeting me and welcoming me to Wuki!

There are times when the borderland of joy closely touches on the



THE BOAT WITH CABINS "DE LUXE" DESCRIBED BY FATHER FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P., IN HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE TRIP FROM HANKOW TO CHANGTEH. IN THE FOREGROUND MAY BE SEEN THE THREE NEW ARRIVALS. FATHER WALTER COVEYOU, C.P., IS STANDING ON THE LADDER. FATHER FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P., WRITER OF THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE STANDS AT FOOT OF LADDER AND TO HIS RIGHT STANDS FATHER NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.



WHEN FR. SEBASTIAN WAS IN HANKOW. LEFT TO RIGHT: FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P., PAUL UBINGER, C.P., THOMAS DEMPSEY, C.P., VERY REV. FR. SEBASTIAN, C.P., JORDAN BLACK, C.P., FATHER STENCHI, A VISITING FRANCISCAN, BROTHER LAMBERT, C.P., AND ARTHUR BENSON, C.P. IN THE FOREGROUND IS WALTER COVEYOU, C.P.

realms of sorrow. Try as I would it was impossible for me to restrain the tears. I found myself saying to myself again and again: "Can it be true? Am I really in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China? Is this a dream or has my dream come true?"

I am certain that I owe this great blessing to the prayers of others. I am most grateful to Almighty God for having brought me here safe and sound and I thank all my good friends who have prayed so hard that I might see this veritable Land of Promise, the fields of the harvest entrusted to the Passionist Fathers in China.

Often have I besought God to bless and reward those who helped me by their prayers, their sacrifices, their Masses and Communions, and I gladly take this occasion to thank them again for what they have done for the safety and success of my mission in Hunan.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The many friends of Father Sebastian Ochsenreiter who have followed the story of his trip to China will be pleased to learn that he will arrive in New York in the early part of February. Last July he set forth for China to make the official visitation of our missions. From our missionaries come enthusiastic reports of the great good that he has accomplished.

## Lungtan

By JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P.

**C**HE coming of our Very Rev. Father Visitor, and his calling us to meet him in Supu was the happy occasion on which many of the fathers over here had a chance to see each other for the first time in several years. In my own case I met some of my brethren whom I have not seen for over three years. You can imagine what a happy gathering it was.

Then came the leave taking and once more we were separated for we knew not how long. Father Gregory and I were the last visitors left with Fathers Flavian and Miles. I invited Father Gregory to return to his mission by way of Lungtan where is situated what I call home—the Mission of the Little Flower. Father Gregory gladly accepted my invitation and together we set out on the road.

Our travels were calm enough in spite of one real scare we got as we descended a lonely mountain. We had gone some distance down the mountain when we were startled by the echo of some shots fired nearby. We immediately figured that there must be bandits nearby and that we were up against real danger. As calmly as possible we inquired of a passerby whether there were any

bandits in the neighborhood. He assured us that the road was safe and that the reports we had heard were nothing more than some cannon crackers which had been fired off at a funeral procession on the opposite side of the mountain. The gentleman remarked that it was only natural that cannon crackers should be shot off at a funeral procession and we did not stop to argue the point. We thanked him for the information and passed on praising God that we had been spared an experience such as Fathers Ernest and Anthony had suffered while en route to Supu sometime before. They had been held as captives and suffered six cruel hours in the hands of the bandits. So we had much for which to be thankful.

The rest of the trip was mostly uneventful. I had a few narrow escapes when my mule, Dolly, took it into her foolish head to walk off the road into a thick woodland on the side of the road. It was that same day on which my altar boy came to me and presented me with a rat for dinner. He had killed it on the road as it sought to cross in front of him. The people in this part of China relish both rat and dog meat. At several banquets I have seen dog meat served. But I have yet to knowingly partake of either. My boy, Mike, tells me both kinds are delicious and on this particular occasion I had a hard time refusing his coaxing that we eat this rat, his trophy, as our noon meal. I like China but rat fare is beyond my taste as yet!

Upon our arrival at Lungtan I immediately set about preparing a fitting celebration in honor of our patroness, the Little Flower. The Christians from the street near the mission went out to the Christian farmers to tell them of the coming feast. I found out later that they also spread the news that there was present in Lungtan a visiting priest who was as big as a tall tree. They had reference to Father Gregory who is remarkably tall.

The day of the feast arrived and the tall priest also had to pay for his renown by hearing the confessions before the Mass. After the Christians had finished the beautiful morning prayers we had Mass and a sermon preached by the "giant" priest.

One of the Christians very simply remarked to me later that this priest

would not have to go to the top of the mountain to pray for rain for all he would have to do would be reach up and touch the Heavens. This old fellow had reference to the pagan custom of going to the top of the mountain to implore rain. I have tried and happily succeeded in teaching this good soul that the Holy Mass is our mountain of prayer.

The sermon was thoroughly enjoyed by the Christians of the mission. It was inspiring to hear this great priest talking of the Little Flower and telling these poor people that they must ever be little children, in simplicity serving the one, true and only God.

#### AN ORIGINAL SIN

After Mass the Christians following their custom came in to wish the priests a happy feast. Father Gregory asked them several questions on doctrine. For the most part the answers were correct. Finally he turned to a little lad and asked him about original sin. The answers were a bit confused; so much so that the lad ended up by saying that during the past week he had committed only one original sin! We all had a great laugh at that. Even now it is a source of good humor to recall this truly simple answer given to a giant priest who that very day had spoken on simplicity!

There was a traveling photographer

in town that day so I called him to the mission and had him take several pictures. We managed to get a few good ones and I hope the readers of THE SIGN will be able to see them when they read this letter. It is amusing to note that many of the Christians had left before the pictures were taken and now they all regret that they did not stay a little longer so that they could get on the picture. Among the Christians in the group picture are several who weakened a bit during the troubles of last year. Now, thank God, on this Feast of the Little Flower, I had the happiness of seeing them return to the sacraments. This, I am convinced, was the work of the Little Flower herself and was accomplished in her own way of doing good upon earth and showering her roses on her little mission here in Lungtan.

The many clients of St. Therese will be glad to learn of these events in China, a country so dear to the heart of this great and popular saint. I know that the many patrons of the Little Flower are as anxious as I am to make this mission, dedicated to her, really worthy of her. First of all we need prayers in abundance that God may help us bring into the true fold these poor pagan souls. We now have fifty baptized Christians out of a population of 50,000 souls. Surely there is a vast field in which to work!

After prayer, that which we need most is material assistance. We must build up the church by yearly improving and enlarging our properties here. At present we do not own the house we are living in. We must therefore buy property to build a mission and then secure necessary funds to keep it running properly. Even now, living in a rented house, we have the daily expenses of trying to run a small catechumenate for the men and for the women and children.

#### FIFTY THOUSAND SOULS!

Ask the clients of the Little Flower of Jesus to help me in this holy work, first, by their prayers, and secondly, by their alms. I feel confident that those who are devoted to St. Therese do not wish to see her mission here in Lungtan fail for want of much needed support. When you send in your donation for this mission simply write that your donation is given in honor of the Little Flower and that it is to be used to help her mission in Lungtan. If St. Therese has been good to you and helped you when you needed help, now is your chance to show your gratitude by helping her when she needs your assistance in building up her little mission for God and souls here in Lungtan, China. Remember that there are 50,000 souls to be won for Christ!



THE CHRISTIANS OF THE ST. THERESE PASSIONIST MISSION IN LUNGtan AS THEY APPEARED ON THE FEAST OF THE LITTLE FLOWER. TO THE REAR, STANDING, MAY BE SEEN FR. GREGORY MCETTRICK, C.P., OF THE MISSION IN KIENIANG AND ALSO FR. JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P., IN CHARGE OF THE ST. THERESE MISSION IN LUNGtan

**O**N TUESDAY, November 6th, we bade farewell to the last town that had any semblance of Western civilization to it—the city of Hankow. Father Arthur Benson, C.P., and Brother Lambert were down to the wharf to see us off.

When we boarded the boat from Shanghai to Hankow we received quite a shock on noticing the vast difference between the luxury and accommodations of the President Polk, the ship that had carried us over the Pacific, and those of the Yangtze River Line. But I must confess that we now grew weak when we first saw the boat at Hankow that was to be our home for at least four days while en route to Changteh.

Picture to yourself a rather large houseboat, painted a dirty looking red, towed by a shabby Chinese launch and you have a general idea of our yacht de luxe. The promenade deck, if I may call it such, was about twenty inches wide, without a rail other than a gunwale about ten inches high. If one attempted to pass another on this "promenade" it was absolutely necessary that you almost embrace the other lest both topple into the river. Considering the ragged, filthy appearance of most of our fellow passengers, this was never a very exhilarating experience. The so-called "cabins" were little better than coal bins minus the usual load of coal. The beds were shelves arranged along the partition. Such things as toilets, lavatories, running water and electric lights do not figure in the picture. You must carry

## On to Shenchow

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P.

a basin down to the kitchen when you wish for water and the cook, if well disposed, will heat some on the stove. He will simply scoop up some of the yellow Yangtze mud mixture and boil it. The same water, scooped in the same way, must serve for drinking purposes as well. But for very good reasons drinking water must always be boiled.

The doors leading to our cabins were about three feet high and it was necessary for us to bend almost double each time we wished to enter or leave our cabins. There were four ill-fitting windows, little better than none at all. We used lanterns to light our "rooms" and boxes served as chairs. Our tickets entitled us to two bowls of rice each day with some red peppers to help the rice along and also some hot water in case you had some tea with you.

Half the cabins were sunken below the deck line down in the hold of the scow. You could see nothing from the windows unless you stood up. And besides these conditions we were forced to stack our baggage in our cabins. We were also carrying a number of boxes, etc., for the missionaries in the interior. If these had been sent by freight they would have required a very long time and the taxes would have been almost prohibitive. The missionaries were in urgent need of the supplies con-

tained in these cases owing to the great losses due to the revolution of last year. We had taken the precaution to "reserve" several other cabins simply to hold these extra trunks, cases, etc. For all that each of our cabins contained a fair percentage of the shipment we were taking along. Even though we carried this extra baggage and saved money it cost us about \$250.00 for tickets, food and customs duty. Traveling is a most expensive item in China and it did not take us long to find it out for ourselves. We carried our own food with us and in consequence did not suffer so much from this inconvenience.

### A SWARMING BOAT

**O**NE weather was chilly which did not add to our comfort. Thus far, during the whole of our trip we had not seen a bit of rain with the possible exception of a five-minute shower while on the Pacific. The boat was literally swarming with bedraggled and slovenly Chinese who gawked into our cabins from morning until night. It was no use trying to chase them away. The only privacy we ever had was during the night when they would be asleep. Not one of them was at all particular where he threw his garbage. He simply dropped it wherever he happened to be eating. This custom did not add one bit to the attractiveness of the scow. It was comical to see one of the boatmen come in with a filthy mop and make an attempt at cleaning the cabin of the first class passenger.

All this, I know, is a rather poor



WHEN THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN ASSEMBLED AT WUKI TO WELCOME THE VERY REVEREND VISITOR. IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP THE THREE MEN IN WHITE ARE FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., PASTOR OF THE WUKI MISSION, FATHER SEBASTIAN OCHSENREITER, C.P., VISITOR, AND FATHER PAUL UBINGER, C.P.



FATHER ARTHUR BENSON, C.P., PROCURATOR OF THE PASSIONIST FATHERS IN CHINA, BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THE THREE TRAVELERS EN ROUTE TO CHANGTEH. LEFT TO RIGHT: REV. WALTER COVEYOU, C.P., ARTHUR BENSON, C.P., FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P., AND NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

description of the reality. It will, however, give you some idea of our boat. Add to this the constant fear of being held up by bandits along the way and the rather sobering thought that we had seen the last of Western civilization and the white race, and you can easily deduce the thoughts that had filled our minds! What a lark!

We had left Hankow at 2 P. M. and we traveled steadily on through the night and all the next day. As we glided along we recalled the cheery "good-bye" waved to us by the Sisters of St. Joseph and the looks of envy that filled their eyes with a yearning, wistful glow only too clearly betraying their heartfelt wish that they too might be with us on the way to Shenchow. Towards evening a strong wind began to blow and as the boat was overcrowded we kept close to the shore for safety. The water at this point was not very deep and hardly a minute passed that we did not bump the bottom and wonder whether or not we were going to run aground. After "dinner" that evening we were settled down and quietly talking things over when the boat struck a rock. In a second the four of us were on our feet. Over went the table, bags, etc., and Father Walter threw his weight against the door, broke it open without delay and then stumbled into the

stairs and bruised his leg. I was close upon his heels and behind me rushed Fathers Nicholas and Paul who had first rushed to the other door which was locked. As Father Walter's head came through the door he saw the water right under his nose. But the boat speedily righted itself and we were saved an involuntary bath in the muddy Yangtze.

A minute later a boatman came along, poked his head into our cabin

and shouted: "Boo yow sin!" We were still quivering with excitement when Father Walter took out his note book and turning to Father Paul said: "What did that boatman say?" "Boo yow sin," said Father Paul. "But what does that mean?" said Father Walter. "It is nothing important," answered Father Paul. And then Father Walter wrote the phrase and its English translation in his little book. All this had a touch of comedy in it for us and we had quite a laugh about it. We might have been drowned like rats and the thought was very gruesome, but it did not prevent Father Walter from making every moment count in the work of preparing himself for future activities on the missions.

#### A DELAY

**A**BOUT midnight, when we were all fast asleep, there came another crash. Fathers Nicholas, Walter and Paul sat bolt upright in their bunks wondering what it could be this time. When I opened my eyes everything seemed to be all right so I did not bother going out to find out what was wrong. It happened to be our towing launch colliding with our scow. The weather was too rough to proceed on our way so we had tied up for the night or until the wind died down. The steamer dropped back to dock alongside the scow and in doing so was blown against the side of the scow. Result, no damage, other than a broken gunwale.

We were laid up at this town for



LOOKS LIKE AFRICA BUT THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN JUST A SHORT DISTANCE FROM FATHER RUPERT'S MISSION IN LUKI. IT IS A NATIVE HUT SIMILAR TO MANY OTHERS TO BE FOUND IN THE LUKI DISTRICT. FATHER RUPERT CALLS IT A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE!

the rest of the night and the whole of the next day. Having been cooped up for almost two solid days we decided to go out for little exercise. We walked down the road to a Chinese temple. While we were there three natives arrived to perform their religious rites. They first placed a number of joss-sticks before the various idols. Then they burned some fictitious money. The bonze in charge then sets fire to a string of firecrackers and beats upon a gong as well as on several sounding boards. This is done to attract the attention of the gods. Meantime the petitioner kneels prostrate before the altar making his prayer. This over, the priest of the temple drops a couple of sticks upon which are carved various Chinese characters. Thus is the will of the gods made known to the petitioner.

In the morning we walked along the shore as the boatmen pulled the sampan along from the shore with the aid of long ropes. By 1 o'clock we had again reached deep water and once more we transferred all our baggage back to another scow such as we had before. We were told that the boat would not leave before evening. Evening came and passed and still we were tied up. Midnight came and we were still there. Then we were informed that we would leave about 9 o'clock in the morning.

Our stay in the town, however, had been fruitful of one blessing. It gave us all a chance to say holy Mass. There was a Catholic mission in the town and the Augustinian Father in charge had been called to Hankow.

On November 11th the four of us said Mass at the church of St. Xavier. No doubt it was a long time since, if not the first time, that the Christians had four Masses on one Sunday. It was most edifying to note that all the Christians stayed for the four Masses.

We learned here that the statue of St. Xavier over the main altar had miraculously saved the church from desecration and possible destruction by the soldiers. During the trouble of last year the Nationalist forces had paraded a picture of Sun Yat Sen through the streets of the city until they reached the church. Here they endeavored to take down the statue but both failed. They then asked an apostate Christian to try to

move it. While he was attempting to do so the soldiers standing in the sanctuary saw the eyes of the statue move from side to side. Filled with terror they and the apostate ran from the church and reported to their superior officer what they had seen. This officer immediately gave orders that the church should be evacuated because the devil was in it.

At 1 o'clock, when we again got under sail, the weather was very cold and having no glass in the windows we were quite uncomfortable. We traveled steadily until midnight. Then we laid over until 6 o'clock the next morning owing to shallow water. Once more we were off. Monday, November 12th was a cold, rainy day. We had to hang our blankets over the windows to take the place of the glass that should have been there. At about 8:30 we ran aground in the middle of the lake. By this time we were well accustomed to delays of all kinds, so we made up our minds just to keep our patience. Fortunately it took scarcely an hour of tussle and turmoil to free us and again we were headed for our destination.

The balance of the journey passed without further mishap or delay. We docked at Changteh about 4 P. M. on November 12th. After a short delay over baggage transportation and duty payable, we made our way to the Augustinian Mission where we were heartily welcomed by the good fathers in charge. It had taken us six days to travel the distance on the Yangtze River and it was with anything but a sad heart that we bade our boat "Good-bye!"

## Gemma's League

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Masses Said	34
Masses Heard	32,902
Holy Communions	21,633
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	76,466
Spiritual Communions	146,351
Benediction Services	11,328
Sacrifices, Sufferings	160,921
Stations of the Cross	12,485
Visits to the Crucifix	55,042
Beads of the Five Wounds	311,402
Offerings of Precious Blood	460,493
Visits to Our Lady	31,773
Rosaries	42,046
Beads of the Seven Dolors	7,593
Ejaculatory Prayers	7,294,800
Hours of Study, Reading	41,376
Hours of Labor	53,734
Acts of Kindness, Charity	79,762
Acts of Zeal	72,431
Prayers, Devotions	1,261,129
Hours of Silence	40,279
Various Works	309,467
Holy Hours	39,221

## "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. WILLIAM H. RYAN  
SISTER M. MARTHA  
DANIEL SULLIVAN  
MRS. S. URICH  
MARY MURPHY  
MARY L. ANDREWS  
WILLIAM BARTH  
JOHN J. CAHILL  
MARY E. CUMMINGS  
ISABELLA ZIEFEL  
MRS. J. T. HAYNES  
M. J. QUINLAN  
ELIZABETH C. O'CONNELL  
ROBERT W. EGAN  
MRS. HARAN  
ELLEN MALONE  
AGNES WICKHAM

DELLA FISHER  
C. BELL  
MRS. CONNELL  
FRANK LA MORT  
ROSE MATTHEWS  
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MARY C. RICE  
JULIA THOMPSON  
BERTHA CANNEY  
MARIE J. MILLER  
RICHARD KENNAN  
DELIA MINOGUE  
SARAH DWYER  
CATHERINE ENDLER  
PATRICK McNALLY  
HARRY J. MATTHEWS  
MARGARET McGUIRK  
MARY BENNEY  
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BARBARA BENTZ  
FREDERICK ROVERE  
MRS. CANNAN  
WILBUR DENLEA  
ANNA CREIGHTON  
MICHAEL J. BOLAND  
ALICE V. AHERNE

BRIDGET WALSH  
WILLIAM O'BRIEN  
JOHN McGREVY  
BRIDGET QUINN  
PATRICK J. CONWAY  
BENJAMIN SEARS  
JOHN E. BILLARD  
JAMES MACDONALD  
ELIZABETH DAGNALL  
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PATRICK CLEARY  
THOMAS P. BRENNAN  
JOHN M. HUGHES  
SARAH H. CONNOLLY  
MRS. JOHN J. DEERY  
F. J. ARENS  
ELLEN McHUGH  
HANORA LYONS  
MARGARET FATH  
CATHERINE KIRWIN  
HENRY BORCH  
PAULINE O'MARA  
ELLEN McNALLY  
JOHN J. LIDDY  
JAMES ENNIS  
MARGARET HICKS  
FRANK REITER

PATRICK H. BARRY  
ROSE V. HARDENBURG  
MARY KEOGH  
GEORGE A. WALKER  
DELIA MURPHY  
FRANCIS McDERMOTT  
W. B. COWGILL  
MICHAEL J. MOYLAN  
AUGUSTUS F. MEADE, Jr.  
JAMES MURRAY  
HELEN BYRNES  
WILLIAM HELRING  
FRANK HELRING  
JOHN J. JONES  
BERNARD REILLY  
AUGUSTINE BOUDREAU  
HUGH BURNS

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



THE IMPRESSIVE CRUCIFIXION SCENE IN "VERONICA'S VEIL"

# America's Passion Play "VERONICA'S VEIL"

## DATES OF PERFORMANCES

Sunday Aft....	February 17
Sunday Eve....	February 17
Tuesday Eve....	February 19
Thursday Eve....	February 21
Sunday Aft....	February 24
Sunday Eve....	February 24
Tuesday Eve....	February 26
Thursday Eve....	February 28
Sunday Aft....	March 3
Sunday Eve....	March 3
Tuesday Eve....	March 5
Thursday Eve....	March 7
Sunday Aft....	March 10
Sunday Eve....	March 10
Tuesday Eve....	March 12
Thursday Eve....	March 14
Sunday Aft....	March 17
Sunday Eve....	March 17
Tuesday Eve....	March 19
Thursday Eve....	March 21
Sunday Aft....	March 24
Sunday Eve....	March 24
Tuesday Eve....	March 26

Extra performances will be announced later.

## CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCES

Sunday Aft....	January 27
Saturday Aft....	February 2
Sunday Aft....	February 3
Saturday Aft....	February 9
Sunday Aft....	February 10
Tuesday Aft....	February 12
Saturday Aft....	February 16
Friday Aft....	February 22

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FIFTEENTH SEASON. Performances Every Sunday Afternoon and Evening; Tuesday and Thursday Evenings DURING LENT, From February 17th to March 26th, inclusive. The Most Soul-Stirring, Inspiring, Dramatic Spectacle Depicting the Betrayal, Death and Crucifixion of Christ Ever Staged.

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Special buses run from Journal Square to Fourteenth Street.

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## Who Will Die Tonight?

**O**UNTHOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tonight may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

---

## Legal Form for Drawing up Your Will

*I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of NEW JERSEY, the sum of*

*(\$. . . . .) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within . . . . . months after my demise.*

*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this . . . . . day of . . . . . 19 . . . . .*

*Signed . . . . .  
Witness . . . . .  
Witness . . . . .  
Witness . . . . .*

---

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